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PLEASURES AND FOLLIES

First American Printing of the 18th Century French Classic.

L'ANTI-JUSTINE

By
Restif Bretonne

Introduction By
Dale Gordon, Ph.D.

Classic Adult Literature

PLEASURES & FOLLIES

PART 1

by

RESTIF BRETONNE

(Originally published in France during the eighteenth century as L'ANTI-JUSTINE, under the author's nom de plume, Jean-Pierre Linguet.)

A first American printing of this famous French classic

A P.E.C. CLASSIC

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Introduction

Pleasures & Follies is a piece of classic literature which comes to us from Eighteenth-Century France. Originally the work was entitled *L' Anti-Justine*, and was published in two parts under Restif Bretonne's chosen *nome de plume*, Jean-Pierre Linguet.

This is a novel, which, in the tradition of FANNY HILL, JUSTINE, MY SECRET LIFE and others, deals with the sexual exploits of one or more central characters over a given period of time. The work was written and published as a fiction of its time, primarily from the author's viewpoint to repudiate the methods of obtaining sexual gratification expounded by the notorious Marquis de Sade.

Although it is difficult to pinpoint the original publication date, we can safely assume that *L' Anti-Justine* was first published between 1791 and 1800. In the preface, the author makes mention of the fact that the work was written to compete with JUSTINE, which was currently popular. JUSTINE was written by the notorious Marquis de Sade in the 1780's while he was confined to the Charenton insane asylum, and was first published privately in 1791. JUSTINE enjoyed immense popularity in France during the 1790's, but was banned at the turn of the century when de Sade was judged incurably insane and recommitted to the Charenton asylum where he subsequently died. It would be reasonable to assume, therefore, that

L' Anti-Justine first appeared in about 1795 or 1796.

The Marquis de Sade was devoted to cruelty and pain (the current term "sadism" is derived from his name), and his famous plays and books abounded with sexual exploits involving severe pain. JUSTINE is perhaps the prime example of de Sade's belief that pleasure was derived from pain and that the two physical sensations were inseparable.

Restif Bretonne claims that he wrote *L' Anti-Justine* to combat de Sade's theory of pain being a requisite to pleasure in sexual activity. It is interesting to note that Bretonne, in the section of Part I dealing with the Monk and the Prostitute, outdoes even de Sade in a gory description of a necrosadistic act involving dismemberment and murder. One cannot help but feel that the author is having tongue-in-cheek sport with de Sade by describing a sexual act more foul and gory than even de Sade had practiced. With the exception of this one scene, however, Bretonne's work is devoted to the pleasure of sex and is totally lacking in cruelty or pain. The author's message to the people of his time was that sex could be a pleasure without pain. The necrosadistic incident between the Monk and the Prostitute was an obvious take-off on an incident in de Sade's JUSTINE. De Sade often used members of the clergy as protagonists in sexual exploits described in his books and plays, and generally described their sexual conduct as the most cruel of all. Seldom, if ever, were de Sade's monks punished for their perverted and cruel behavior. Bretonne, on the other hand, has the prostitute infected with syphilis, which she transmits to the monk causing

his eventual death. The reader will note that Bretonne goes to some length to describe the pain and agony of the monk's death, a rebuke to de Sade and a message that justice triumphs.

The first English translation of *L' Anti-Justine*, which carried the title of PLEASURE & FOLLIES, appeared somewhere between 1820 and 1847. This edition was privately printed and circulated in England. No public offering of the book was made in view of the fact that FANNY HILL, first published in England in 1749, had been banned for almost half a century. One will note the influence of John Cleland's FANNY HILL on the English translation of this work. The word "engine" is often used to describe the male penis, and this word came into popularity from its use in FANNY HILL. The sentence structure is also similar to that used by Cleland. The author, however, frequently imitates the Marquis de Sade's style in describing the sexual acts. This was undoubtedly done to offer the French readers of the late eighteenth century a parallel of style with a sexual philosophy in direct contradiction.

Although sexual exploits are the central theme of this work, the author builds his situations and main characters around incest, a subject tha horrifies censors the world over. Incest is a moral, and in most areas a legal, taboo. The s'rict defintion of the term is: *sexual intercourse between persons too nearly related to marry*. The world is derived etymologically from the Latin *incestus*, meaning unpure, unchaste. The derivation of the word perhaps gives some idea of its connotation throughout history.

Society completely rejects incest, even to denying that it actually exists. Survival of the species is the prime argument against incest. Geneticists have told us that inbreeding serves to retain the undesirable recessive inherited characteristics. By this, we are to understand that when two non-related people produce an offspring, their defects neutralize each other. But if brother and sister, father and daughter, mother and son reproduce, the children tend to have mental and physical defects that have been carried as recessive genes by the parents. Modern science has proven that basically this theory is not true, but the taboos against incest remain with us. Psychological factors must be considered, however, and the breakdown of the family relationship and intra-family relationship occasioned by incest is harmful to the social structure.

To understand society's attitude toward incest, we must remember that first impressions on the child are made within the family. The first time a child sees the genital organs of the opposite sex is generally with a member of his or her own family. Interpersonal relationships within a family are of the closest nature, and proximity is almost always constant. It is easy, convenient and natural for a brother to fall in love with his sister, a father with his daughter, and a mother with her son. It is equally easy for this affection to be demonstrated through sexual contact, and for this very reason incest has always been taboo.

To deny that incest exists is ridiculous! The fact is that incest is practiced on a far lager scale than any of us would like to admit or believe. In his

study of sexual behavior in the human female, Dr. Kinsey reported that approximately 16% of all sexual approaches by adult males toward pre-adolescent girls were made by relatives, among whom uncles were the most conspicuous single source of contact.

Kirsen Weinberg, in INCEST BEHAVIOR, reported that out of 72 cases of delinquent girls brought before the Juvenile Court in Chicago, 32 had incestuous relations with their fathers. This was a random sampling which yielded an amazing 44% ratio.

The Kinsey Institute in its recently released study, SEX OFFENDERS, reported that 17% of the males sampled had engaged in incestuous relationships with members of their family. In this study it was revealed that incestuous relationships between males and their mothers were least common, and that relationships with first cousins were most common. The Kinsey group also revealed that 6% of the sex offenders interviewed were convicted of crimes involving incest.

So, incest does exist. Actually, it surrounds us. No valid figures are yet available as to the actual extent of incest in the United States, but most psychiatrists estimate that it would well run as high as 25% of the population being involved in incestuous contact. As Drs. Eberhard and Phyllis Kronhausen have stated, "Psychoanalytic experience has shown that latent incestuous leanings are present in most people in our culture."

The fact that incest does exist does not stop society from denying it and trying to suppress any and all information about it. With the exception of

the Bible, books dealing with or describing incest almost always encounter censorship problems. Yet authors throughout the centuries have described incest as a condition which exists in society. From the Bible we have the story of Lot and his two daughters in the cave, which was about as racy a scene as can be encountered in any form of literature. The Bible also tells us of the incestuous relationship between Tamar and Amnon, the son and daughter of David. From Sophocles we learned the story of Oedipus, and history records that Nero had an incestuous relationship with his mother.

In most ancient writing, the incest relationship was described in detail, including the overt sexual acts between the individuals. The Bible itself has this treatment in the Old Testament.

In modern contemporary literature, however, incest is almost always treated in a veiled or allegorical form. Incest is present, but it is only hinted at, or treated classically by omitting any reference to the actual sex act. Thomas Mann, the great German author, is an exception in that he deals with overt incestuous acts in his prize winning novel, THE HOLY SINNERS, and in his famous short story, BLOOD OF THE WOLFSUNGS. No lesser lights than Maxim Gorky, Somerset Maugham, Dylan Thomas and Pierre Louys have given us fine literature incorporating incest. More recently, Grace Metalious, in her best-seller of a few years ago, PEYTON PLACE, and Harold Robbins in his current runaway best-seller, THE ADVENTURERS, have dealt with themes involving incest. Thornton Wilder, perhaps one of the greatest authors of this era, has just released a current

novel, THE EIGHTH DAY, which has an incest relationship, used to build one of the major characters.

Regardless of the fact that incest does exist, and regardless of the fact that some of the world's finest authors use this theme in their writing, books about incest are frequently suppressed. Dylan Thomas, that amazing Welsh poet who died in 1953, had a great deal of difficulty publishing his THE BURNING BABY because it involved incest in connection with a man of the clergy, yet his story is no less a work of art.

For centuries Bretonne's PLEASURES & FOLLIES has been suppressed. Perhaps it has been because the book deals with incest, or perhaps it is because the author describes sexual exploits in vivid detail. Maybe it is because Bretonne uses language we all speak, but so often hesitate to put in print. Oddly enough, the four letter words in this work can all be found in contemporary fiction such as THE ADVENTURERS and other best selling novels.

In any event, this first American publishing of Restif Bretonne's classic work is an event of the first magnitude. It is only in this enlightened era that we can study Bretonne's work and obtain from it an understanding of the style, technique, and life in France during the closing days of the eighteenth century.

Dale Gordon, Ph.D.
San Diego, California, 1967

AUTHORS PREFACE

No one has been more incensed than I by the foul performances of the infamous Marquis de Sade —I refer to his *Justine*, to *Aline*, to *le Boudoir*, *la Theorie du Libertinage* which I read while languishing in prison. This villain never presents the delights of love experienced by men without accompanying them by torments and even death inflicted upon women.

My design is to write a book, sweeter to the taste than any of Sade's and which wives who would be better served witll bring to the notice of their undiligent husbands; a book in which the senses will speak to the heart, in which libertinage intends no cruelty towards the fair sex and rather restores the adored one to life than brings about her undoing; in which love, naturally considered and divested of scruples and prejudices, appears in none but a voluptuous guise and comes wearing always a smile. Peruse this book, you who are inclined to the worship of women or you in whom devotion has for some time slumbered; persuse it, I say, and you'll own women for your darlings beloved even as you lay claim to their cunts. But your abhorrence will only increase for that *vivo dissequens*, he who, his face decked in a long white beard, was dragged tottering out of the Bastille on the Fourteenth of July. May the enchanting tale I am sending to the printer sink his in merited obscurity!

A bad book penned with good intentions, this I,

Jean-Pierre Linguet, presently under arrest and confined in the Conciergerie, do affirm I have done this work, highly spiced though it be, with none but laudable purposes and useful aims. Incest, for example, is only included herein so as to provide the corrupted tastes of libertines with some vague equivalent of the abominations, the frightful cruelties with which our Sades lard their books to stimulate their depraved admirers.

Floréal, an II

CHAPTER ONE

The Stiff Pricked Youngster

I was born in a village which lies near Reims and I was familiarly known as Cupidonnet. From earliest childhood I had a decided fondness for pretty girls; I had a particular weakness, above all, for prettily turned feet and cunning little shoes, in which predilections I bore a resemblance to the Grand Dauphin, son of Louis XIV, and the Thevenard, the actor at the Opera.

The first girl to get my youthful stem up was an engaging peasant who used to take me to vespers. With one hand posed on my unclothed bum, she was wont to tickle my wee ballocks and, feeling me rise, would kiss me upon the mouth with an entirely virginal impetuousness, for although well-behaved, she was also hotblooded.

The first girl upon whom I in turn laid my hands, in consequence of my enthusiasm for pretty footwear, was the youngest of my sisters, Genovefette. In all, I had eight sisters, five older than myself and by a former marriage, and three who were younger. The second-born of the earlier crop was as pretty as can be: I'll have a great deal to say about her; the hair upholstering the trick of the fourth was so silken and fine 'twas all by itself a delight; the rest were ugly; each of my three younger sisters was more of a provocative little minx than the others.

Now Genovefette, the most voluptuously attractive, held the first place in my mother's preference, and returning from a trip to Paris, she brought back an exquisite pair of slippers for her. I watched Genovefette try them on, and the sight caused me to get violently erect. The following day—it was a Sunday—she donned some new sheer white cotton stockings, a corset which drew in her waist, and with that luscious ass of hers, although she was still of tender age, she must have made by father's prick stand up, for he bade my mother send her from the room. (I had hidden myself under the bed so as the better to see my engaging sister's shoe and lower leg). Directly Genovefette was gone my father had at her (my mother) and there, upon the bed below which I lay concealed, set the clapper to ringing the bell, the while saying: "Oh, I tell you, keep an eye on your beloved daughter, she's going to have a devilish temperament, I warn you ... but she'll have to compete fiercely, for I fuck like a steer, and look at the rewards I have for my trouble, cunt-juice, you're squirting it out like a princess ..." I noticed that, behind the half-opened door, Genovefette was watching and listening to what was happening. My father was right: that pretty rascal was handselled by her confessor, thereafter fucked by virtually everyone, but today she's all the wiser for it.

After dinner Genovefette came into the garden, where I chanced to be by myself; I stared admiringly at her, and lo! Up soared my device! Having stepped close to her, without saying a word I squeezed her waist, touched her foot, her thigh, fondled as pretty a cuntlet, as superb a cuntlet as

ever there was. Genovefette was silent too; I had her get down on all fours, on, that is to say, her hands and knees; and in imiatation of the manner of dogs, I wanted to plumb her thus, whining and snapping and jerking with all my strength the way a dog does; powerfully clutching her groin with both hands, I made her arch her flanks so that two holes were equally well at my disposal; therewith I closed in and poked the end of my stem between her lips, beseeching her to raise her ass: "Get it up so that I can get in", I repeated several times. But, and the truth of it was only too plain, so youthful a crack was not readily able to accommodate a prick whose foreskin had not yet reached the back-slipping stage (what I needed was a well-beaten path, and I obtained one shortly afterwards). I could do no better than pry open her cunt's shutters. There ensued no discharge, for I was still a little fellow and very new at the sport. Unable to encunt her, following the example of the creatures I had chosen to emulate, I set to licking that strait but infinitely delectable gap. Genovefette experienced a no doubt agreeable titillation, for she showed no sign of tiring of the game, and when at last I got back to my feet she kissed me a hundred times over. She was called back to the house and ran off.

As her breasts had not yet begun to develop, she promptly—the next day—outfitted herself with false bubs, probably because she had overheard praise spoken of my mother's or some friend's. I perceived these latest accoutrements, had her put on her new shoes and having placed her upon her bed in a suitable posture, we fenced away for a good two hours. I believe she did indeed ejaculate

for my cunt-lickery induced her to writhe and thrash like a small demon. Two days later she was packed off to Paris to begin an apprenticeship. There, in the capital, she lived up handsomely to my father's predictions.

CHAPTER TWO

The Silken Haired Cunt

Of the younger sisters left to me, one was properly behaved and kept me at bay (since those days I have fucked both her daughters in Paris), and the other sister was still too young. The first, with whom nothing availed, was a superb creature of eighteen; I had to fall back upon the child when it became evident that Cuthos, Genovefette's twin, was unapproachable. Ever since having had one within reach, I absolutely could not do without a cunt near at hand. I put Babiche through her preliminary paces; at last one Sunday, when she was dressed in her best and after my mother had given her a bath, we had a sucking spree.

'Twas during that enjoyable operation I was surprised by the ardent Madeleine of the silken-haired cunt; she spent a long time quietly observing us before interrupting our antics, and remarking that the little one was in the throes of pleasure, she was herself tempted to go under the tongue; she broke her silence and we two who were at grips separated in keeping with decency. Madeleine said almost nothing at all, only asked Babiche to leave, then hazarded a conversation with me. Our gossiping lead to teasing; it was not long before she had thrust me into the hay (I had led Babiche into the barn's loft) and, as I lay sprawled on by back, she

tickled me, covering me with her body, straddling me, one leg to this side, one leg to that. By pure accident I reached my hand beneath her skirts and found there that admirable silken-haired cunt. That divine fur sealed my passion for her, I straightway went mad over Madeleine's cunt; I besought her permission to kiss it. "Why then, little rascal," said she, "wait a moment." She went out to the well, drew a bucket of water, fetched it back up to the hay-loft and squatted down above it; that done, she returned to me and we prattled some more. Inflamed, beside myself, in my youthful erotic fury I exclaimed to her: "I've got to lick that little hole!" She lay down on her back, her legs spread wide; I licked; the lovely Madeleine elevated her ass: "Drive your tongue inside, dear little friend," said she, and I inserted it and she raised her fur; I burrowed furiously in! ... She all but screamed from pleasure's onslaught. My member was as stiff as a Carmelite friar's and as I had not the capacity to discharge, none of my ardor deserted me; 'twas surely on that account she adored me. Obliged to leave me, Madeleine gave me some cakes as a pesent, and I ate them in Babiche's company.

"Cupidonnet," said my downy-cunted sister one evening, "that dear little prick of yours is always hard when you lick me. It seems to me that were we to get together into the same bed, you'd be able to insert it into that little muff of mine which you so like to suck and whose fur is so soft. I'm certain that would give me all sorts of pleasure, and you too; come visit me tonight." Nothing could have pleased me more.

When everyone in the house had retired, I slid into my elder sister's bed. "Once," said she, "I saw Father, just after he'd done caressing our sister Marie,"—Marie was the lovely one who had left for Paris—"run straight to Mother, his stick as long and tough as a rake-handle, and pop it straight into her fur—I'll show you how he went about it, you'll do the same thing he did." "I also saw him do it." "Did you really? So much the better." She arranged herself, situated me atop her, told me to thrust and then to retire and thrust again, but she was a maid, and although I was in strong martial form, I was unable to introduce the weapon, and succeeded only in hurting myself. As for Madeleine Linguet, I dare say she discharged, for she began to pant and came near to swooning away.

Oh how I regret that pretty silken-haired cunt I licked and prodded for six fine months! My father, Claude Linguet, to whom I bore no resemblance in this matter, sent his daughters away as soon as their vicinity aroused him significantly ... It was even claimed that Madeleine had attempted to get herself stuffed by him. However all that may be, she departed for Paris three days after the charge was leveled, and in Paris our dear ecclesiastical brother found her a governess' place in the household of a rue de Saint-Honore canon. That beggar wasted no time determining what her talents were. There was a hidden door—about whose existence only he knew—which opened into the apartment occupied by his governesses, whom he used to pass the night exercizing. But never had he set eyes upon a cunt to match Mademoiselle Linguet's silky-haired article; he went repeatedly to stare at

it. Its beauty enthralled him, and he knew he would have neither rest nor peace until he had fucked it. One night as she lay sleeping very soundly—or rather as she appeared to be sleeping soundly and was making a great effort to maintain that appearance—he applied his mouth to that singular cunt, and to her assailant 'twas plain she had discharged; he immediately mounts and encunts her; she hugs him in her arms, the while stirring her ass rhythmically. "Ah, my precious," says he, "you do dance wonderfully well! . . . But it's not hurting you, is it? You mustn't overdo it . . . else I'll be obliged to think you somewhat a whore . . ." But her bloodied nightgown, and the bloodied sheets also, proved to him he had a novice under his belly; he adored her. She fucked blissfully, sacredly, with this saintly personage and their liaison lasted two years at the end of which she buried him; however his testament left her an inheritance, and thus endowed she married the son of her mother's first husband.

CHAPTER THREE

My Mother Is Fucked

More mature by the time Madeleine had acquired a husband and returned to Reims, I had a very imperious desire to get into her. For a space of more than two years I had been reduced to sucking and frolicking with Babiche and several of my first cousins, but either my prick was thicking or all those still beardless cunts were shrinking. I solicited a nocturnal rendezvous with the recently wedded Madeleine, and Madame Bourgelat granted me an interview for that same night. We were at our parent's farm; her husband had just been called away to Reims on business. By I know not what coincidence or for what cause, my father was not feeling well that night and, after having treated whatever ailed him, my mother, in order to avoid disturbing his sleep, left his bed and went to share the one her daughter was occupying. The latter, observing that our mother had dozed off, rose quietly and came to lie with me; I however had in the meantime got up and gone in search of her: unluckily, our paths did not cross. I stretched out beside the woman I discovered in Madeleine's bed; she was on her back; asleep though she was, I climbed into the saddle and made my entry; I was surprised to make such an easy way in; she folded me in her arms, squeezed and still half-conscious,

bounced her ass about for a few moments. "Never, oh never have you given me such pleasure, she sighed through her drowsiness. I also discharged and promptly collapsed from too much delight, my face lying upon her breasts which, while she was not young, were still firm, for she had not raised her children and those charms had never been much handled. Madame Bourgelat returned from her fruitless quest at about the same instant I released my seed; she was greatly bewildered by the words her mother and substitute had just uttered; then she grasped that I had been fucking her, and led me away to my bed where she deposited me, still in a swoon ... And thus it was in the maternal womb I began effectively to sow my wild oats ... I returned to my senses; Madeleine went back to my mother's bed. Wide awake by now, Mother asked what my sister had been up to then added in a whisper: "You surely have odd ways ..." "My husband," replied Madame Bourgelat, "Often has me get on top; I was dreaming, that's how it all happened and when I woke up I must have jumped out of bed." The which my mother apparently believed.

However, the shot had been fired good and true. Madame Linguet's belly began to swell, she secretly gave birth to a son, and a splendid son to boot, whom she very cleverly substituted for her grown son's child, this latter infant having been stillborn; this son I bore my own mother and who was known as Petit Coq, my nephew, will return to figure later on in my narrative.

A week went by; at it's end, completely recovered from the state into which that first discharge

had hurled me, I sallied forth from my bed once again and to another rendez-vous; now, reader, bear admiring witness to my misfortune: our activities had been remarked by a strapping big-bosomed wench, a country girl who worked in our fields as a harvester and who had her lodgings in the barn. As Madame Bourgelat was upon one occasion readying to join me in my bed, Mammelasse (as our full-blown girl was called) who was in love with me, for she frequently frigged herself in my honor, but who was not however a bad sort, took it into her head to advise my brother-in-law to lock his bedroom door at night and to keep an eye on his lady. He did as she recommended ... and judge for yourself what was my astonishment when instead of a soft-haired cunt and round delicate bubs, I found myself fisting two well inflated balloons and tumbling through widesprung gates into a veritable mine-shaft. I pushed valiantly on into the unknown, notwithstanding, and had myself a pleasant time—but dizziness all but claimed me again and I came near to having to retake to my bed.

Finally I did have the opportunity to stuff Madeleine and that was in the hayloft. I was performing like a madman, I encunted her prodigiously, but at her third reply to my thumpings, I exploded ... and properly fainted.

CHAPTER FOUR

Another Brother-in-Law Cuckolded

Madeleine avoided according me favors whose effects upon me terrified her. Deprived, I suffered. But not for long. A week after this first scene I took leave of the farm and journeyed to Paris whither I went in the pursuit of learning; but it is not by relating my life as a student I propose to entertain the reader. I went at once to see the lovely Marie, the second of my elder sisters. She offered me her hospitality and a room.

I had begun my career by making a cuckold of my father, I had cornified my brother-in-law, fucking and causing his wife to discharge and impregnating her into the bargain, for Madame Bourgelat, who was never to have but this one child, brought my bastard into the world nine months after our scuffle in the hayloft, but much remained to be accomplished with those seven other sisters of whom six, or at least five, were supremely encuntable.

But let us return to Marie, the most beautiful of the lot. She was one day dressed and adorned with that certain taste pretty women usually have. A superb bouquet shadowed her fair breasts. The sight of her caused my prick to rise approvingly up. I was fourteen years of age, and had already fucked and fattened three women, for Mammelasse had a

daughter of whom, according to her boasting, I was the sire and who looked so much like Genovefette Linguet you would have supposed them two peas in a pod. I was not a lad susceptible of vague or nameless desires; I inclined directly towards my amiable elder sister's cunt. Dinner over, she retired for the night, The conjugal couch was situated in a dimly-lit alcove; She had perceived a bulge in her husband's fly, for his white breeches fitted him snugly; she was eager to give him the pleasure of a full-dress fuck. I concealed myself in a place whence I could see everything that transpired. But after having toyed with my sister's teats and her cunt, after having increased the light in the alcove and subjected her cunt to an admiring appraisal, my brother-in-law elected moderation, decided to postpone his pleasures till the morrow and to my surprise, went out on tiptoe. I saw him take his cane, his hat; then he was gone. I entered the room; the husband had left his wife's skirts around her neck and the door unlocked. I bolted it and untrousered, with the Devil's own erection, I made a bee-line to her. I stoppered that yawning cunt, now sucking her bared bubs, now her slightly parted lips. She mistook me for her husband; the tip of her tongue thrilled in my mouth. My prick went in wearing its hat: at that period I had not yet had the foreskin snipped and, stunting my device, it make it stouter, as bulky as the departed husband's. I drove stupidly ahead, my beloved quivered and squirmed, and my inspired weapon touched bottom ... whereupon my sister, half out of her mind, convulsed in a spasm ... I discharged and ... fainted.

'Twas for that reason I was found out. Marie savoured the final oscillations of my militant prick, but as soon as she had experienced the charming sensation of a copious discharge, she ridded her cunt of its visitor by pushing me aside; she drew apart the alcove's curtains and regarded me. "What! Ye gods! It's ... it's Cupidonnet ..." I waked from my swoon, she scolded me, demanding to know who'd taught me to behave that way. "Your beauty," I replied, calling her my adorable sister. "But you're so young!" With that I recounted my entire history to her, told how I'd mouthed and subsequently fucked Madeleine's silken-haired cunt, next fucked Madame Linquet thinking all the while she was Madame Bourgelat, I told her how Mammalasse had got herself stuffed by me; how, unable to do without cunts, I explored Babiche's diminutive one with my tongue, and how I had got with child the three women I had properly fucked ... "Good Heavens! You are certainly indiscreet!" "With you, yes, because you are my elder sister, and because I've fucked you as well."

The tale I'd just brought spilling out, Marie's dazzling bubs, the shoes she'd donned, everything conspired to stiffen me afresh. "Divine Marie," quoth I, " 'tis not yet over, methinks I'm going to fuck you again." "But my husband?" "The door's bolted." She pressed my head against her magnificent breasts, the while murmuring: "Are you also going to give me a baby, little camp?" I encunted her and shot off joyously, but without fainting this second time.

Not until then had the glorious Marie been pregnant. The months flew by. I became the father of

Mademoiselle Beauconin, the only child of my brother-in-law of that name.

I shall pass in silence over all the common fuckeries in which I had a principal role: 'tis only by dint of the singular voluptuousness in libidinous scenery such as will appear in the tasty pleasure taking which I plan to describe in the sequel, that one may touch the heart and mind of blasé libertines and advantageously combat the atrocious penchants quickened by the abominable literature of the infamous and cruel Sade; and so I reserve all of my energy for representing almost ineffable, almost indescribable lovemaking, couplings which outdo everything the racked imagination of *Justine's* author was able to invent.

CHAPTER FIVE

The Complacent and Very Spartan Husband

Before moving on to the tableaux I have just promised, I must nevertheless devote a few lines to relating an extraordinary adventure I had during my stay in the rue Saint-Honoree, at the age of twenty and while engaged in my studies of the law.

Directly opposite the house lived an old watchmaker who had a youthful and charming wife, she was his third; the first had rendered him very happy indeed for a dozen years—life with her had been uninterrupted drunkenness, delight . . .; the second had also done mightily well, but for only eighteen months and with the aid of a younger sister by whom she would have herself replaced in his bed whenever she felt in the slightest way indisposed—because she did not want to have her husband fuck under unfavorable and possibly disgusting circumstances. This excellent and thoughtful wife having left this life, the watchmaker, then sixty, married the pretty and gracious Fidelette, putative offspring of an architect, in reality the natural child of a marquis.

What for mellowness and poignancy, this third wife's beauty had no equal. Her husband idolized her, but he was no longer young; however, being wealthy, he lavished upon her everything her heart

could desire. But his gifts and kindnesses failed somehow of the mark, and with every passing day Fidelette grew more despondent. "My angel," her good husband said, "I worship you, and you know it; all the same, you are sad, unhappy, and I fear for your days; do what I can, there is nothing I would not do for you, it none of it avails, and so speak to me . . . 'tis a loving friend who begs you to speak, tell me what it is you desire . . . anything . . . no matter what, provided it is in my power to secure your happiness, I shall do as you bid me . . ." "Anything? No matter what?" asked the young woman. "Anything, yes, anything . . . were it to be . . . but say, is there something wanting to your heart, or to your divine little cunt?" "You fill my heart to overflowing, my dear, but elsewhere . . . I have a spirited temper and warm blood, and though my hair is ash-blond, my trick itches terribly . . ." "Does it make any difference to you who undertakes to appease your dear little hungers? Or have you some special taste, some particular caprice?" "I love no one but you." "Is there not anyone who attracts your regard? Only speak and I shall this instant go and bring him hither." "Ah well . . . there is that neighbour of ours who lives across the way, the young man who looks at me and of whom I've already complained." "I understand, 'tis enough, my sweet. You must have thought me thick-skinned indeed. Go take your bath, my beloved one, I'll return in a trice."

He dashed off to find me. "Neighbour," said he, upon entering my room, " 'tis rumored you are in love with Madame Folin, the watchmaker's wife. Is it true?" "Upon my soul," said I, "it is indeed, I

am wild about her." "Then come with me and we'll see what's to be done, come at once." He seized me by the hand and led me to his house. "Remove your clothes, go into this bathroom my wife has just left; there you see some of my undergarments, put them on, go regale her, play the new husband or settle the thing for some other night ... for twenty other nights, suit yourself as long as you also suit her. I worship my Fidelette, I would do anything for her and am contented simply to see her happy, satisfied ... After you've done fucking her, after she has had her fill of discharges and discharging, I'll encunt her in my turn ... and thus bestow my own modest little present."

He had me climb into the bed his wife had been occupying since finishing her bath; he started to take himself off. "Oh, dear friend," exclaimed that timid dove, "you leave me alone with a stranger? Will you not stay and witness the pleaures I owe to none but you?" and she kissed us both. The bed was wide and capacious; the considerate Folin got into it with us; I climbed upon his wife's belly. The fires were already burning brightly, my own torch glowed red; there, before the husband's eyes, I buried my prick in the wife's cunt ... She replied to my attack, and furiously, "Courage, dearie," cried that excellent watchmaker, fingering my nuggets, "let fly, my duckie, raise your ass, get your tongue into his mouth! ... this brave young fucker's ready to flood you ... You, my buck, dig in, dig in ... head for bottom, ring the bell!

We discharged like a pair of angels; I fucked her six times before the night was over; husband and wife were equally pleased with my performance.

I revelled in this remarkable situation and repeatedly tasted these celestial, more-than-human delights until Fidelette perished out of this world while in the act of bringing the fruit of our fuckery into it.

CHAPTER SIX

The Husband Who Took to Bumtupping

I shall omit giving the full details of my amorous exploits with the person who was my clandestine wife, since I have never publicly acknowledged that marriage with Conquette. Her hair was the colour of pale sand, and wide, full lips pouted from a round face. Although her looks had been marred by smallpox, she was a robust, splendidly-made creature, with a cunt so insatiable that I was obliged to let her take the bit in her teeth and wander abroad to fuck whomever came her way. She was the daughter of an innkeeper in the rue Saint-Jacques and the sister of a bookseller, she died, syphilis-ridden, long after she'd borne me two girls. Ah, but that one knew her job to perfection! Never did woman encunted treat her rider to a finer outing. Conquette was the first woman I ever embuggered; but that came about in reply to her invitation and at a moment when she was in doubtful health. Afterwards she foisted off her younger sister's ass on me, telling me 'twas her own: we were in the dark and I believed her, but the target the young lady presented me was not her ass but her cunt: I detected the fraud . . . but have no real grievance to express: it was delicious howbeit everyday fuckery.

When my sister-in-law married and ceased to be at our disposal, my wife seduced her hairdresser

whom she heartily urged to submit to an anal penetration; alleging, as argument, that I was habituated to navigating the narrower strait; but this girl, having discussed the problem with me during the day, got her cunt plumed that night without Conquette noticing into which aperture I inserted my device. In this way I had six all very pretty hairdressers in the course of twelve years; my wife paid them, thinking by this means to conceal from me the fact she had the pox. And 'twas thus I enjoyed a feast of those delightful cuntlets for which Nature had given me such a powerful appetite.

It was after the sixth hairdresser that Conquette, gravely ill, noticing that one of my schoolfellows was paying court to Mademoiselle Beauconin, my niece-daughter, that obstacles to his success were being created, and that she loved him, suggested to Mariette that she allow her lover to have his way with her; but fearing lest the lad be unable to depucelate her, she told me that the last of the hairdressers was sending one of her pupils who stood in dire need of a good encunting, but, she added, I was not to say a word while doing the task, reminding me that my niece was sleeping in the adjoining chamber. She gave me further instructions to which I hardly listened, as I was eager to be off. A haidresser's pupil? Provided I fucked a fresh young cunt, I cared damned little to whom it belonged. Naked, I approached the bed, stepped in; I found newly burgeoning breasts at my hand, and a cunt which lay quivering ... I entered, I demolished the maidenhead ... I had repeated the exercise three times when I was summoned from the

bed; at first I fancied this to be some convention of which hitherto I had been in ignorance, but having listened more closely, I was most surprised to hear the spur being applied to my mount; and my wife, while proffering encouragements, giving directions to her niece and my comrade. I went back to my own bed, pondering these curious events; the following day, I asked Conquette for an explanation. "Why," she said, 'tis all very simple. You handselled your niece before your schoolmate stuffed her, for I doubted whether all alone he would be able to manage the deflowering." I was enchanted: I had made mine the first fruits of the daughter emplanted one remote holiday in Marie Linguet's cunt, but I dissimulated my joy: this augured well for the pleasures I had for ages held hopes of enjoying and whose hour of realization was arriving: I was nearing my objective.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Concerning Yet Another Downy Cunt

The reader will recall that I spoke of two daughters: I said they were mine, or at least that they were my clandestine wife's, for she used to declare that her veritable daughters had died while being suckled and that . . . and that . . . she would speak of the king . . . mention some princess . . . but she always lied a blue streak, one simply dared not believe a word she said.

Conquette Ingénue, my elder daughter, had no sooner reached her tenth year than she started to incite desires in me. While her mother, whose syphilis was not yet apparent, was off sleeping and fucking with some gallant or other, she would send little Conquette to keep me company in bed . . . she had the world's prettiest crack; I made a regular practice of kissing it every night, after having spread her thighs. She would fall into a light sleep, I would insert my tongue, but would refrain from licking; then I too would go quietly to sleep, having eased her onto her side, her buttocks against my thighs and my prick squeezed between her legs.

During the daytime I encunted either the mistress of a certain Monsieur Riviere—a barrister—, or a pretty hunchback, who always wore delightful shoes and who lived in the same building, or a

woman who limped in both legs but who had a delicious face and was about to marry. She had let her intended deflower her and since that initiation had given her pretty blond cunt an absolute minimum of rest. When not at work on one or the other of these three projects, I would poke my prick between Conquette Ingénue's tightly squeezed thighs and she, feeling that uncomfortable presence, would seize it, sound asleep as she was, and cause me a spectacular discharge. She was eleven years old by now: she caught the drift of things and started to chatter about them: we sent her away to learn a trade. She learned to draw when she was thirteen or fourteen. At the end of a two years' absence she returned to the house—I was now left alone in it by my wife's death. Conquette Ingénue slept in a small room adjacent to mine; she was a tall, handsomely formed girl; she had perfect feet; I had the cleverest artisan in the quarter make her shoes modeled after her mother's last which was also that of the Marquise de Marigny; then I fell head over heels in love with the creature. But never was anyone more chastely virtuous than that heavenly girl, although her mothers, real or supposed, had been a pair of sluts and had both succumbed to the pox. Conquette Ingénue would not tolerate insolent behavior, there was no possible way of taking liberties with her . . . Fate doubtless willed it that her austerity would only make her the more voluptuous and the more desirable.

And so I found myself reduced to virtual beggardom: there was nothing for it, and I continued to tongue her during her sleep which, happily, was invariably profound. Directly she began to slumber

I would fly to my post, lift her night gown, gaze worshipfully at her delicious cunt which a faint growth of down was beginning to cover, and apply my mouth with caution. Not before the tenth night after her return home did I sense her respond to these attentions. I redoubled my tongue's activity and was rewarded by an emission. The light was out when Ingenue awoke, sighing and moaning happily: "Ah," she murmured, "ah . . . that tickles so nicely . . ." She imagined she had been dreaming; however, she nudged her young sister (who slept in the same bed beside her) with her elbow, as though she had thought the child had been responsible for what she had felt. I regained my bed, enchanted by the fact my daughter had discharged; her emission encouraged me to hope that her spirits now set in commotion and become aware of her temperament, she would soon be susceptible of encuntment, become my mistress, and make me the happiest of mortals . . . But how far astray my calculations led me! and what a great number of pricks were to attempt to martyrise that glorious cunt. Alas, it was to be the cause of myriad disappointments.

Nevertheless, such were my wholehearted, my unswerving, my voluptuous inclinations, that was the adorable girl whose only rival for my affections was her sister. No, I can say it with all the conviction of a man who has had the experience, no, there is no pleasure to be compared with that of plunging one's straining prick into the last depths of the satin-smooth cunt of one's beloved daughter, above all if, courageously stirring her ass to and fro, she discharges copiously. Happy, oh thrice happy he who steals the prize from any future son-in-law

detested by both concerned . . .

Conquette Ingénue's menstrual period came a week after the historic night of her first discharge; thus, she was perfectly nubile, but while in a waking state I could not obtain any essential favor from her. My sister Marie, who was thoroughly acquainted with my character, placed her as an apprentice in a women's dress and jewelry shop run by an attractive person whose husband had a functionary's post. Offering herself in the place of my spectacular daughter, although unable to console me for her loss, Madame Comprenant, the dressmaker, undertook to distract me; I also went back to stuffing my niece Beauconin, then married to her cousin: but would this double activity be able to prevent me from insulting the virtue of the eternally provocative Ingénue? Hoplessly in love with her and not daring in daylight to have at her darling downy cuntlet and deprived of access to her during the night I had to be content with gazing at her from the street. There she would be—the window was so disposed that I was permitted the view of an exquisitely shod foot, part of a lovely leg . . . and if I bent down, when she made certain movements I could see her thigh and her cunt, or at least picture them in my imagination which always beheld her unclothed. A mere glimpse of her would put my prick in the air, I would enter the house and at the crucial moment invariably find either Ingénue's mistress or the pretty Mademoiselle Beauconin; just before threading the needle of the one or the other, I would halfopen the door so as, while fucking either her mistress or her cousin, I would be able to see the delicate foot or the voluptuous leg of

that divine creature who was exclusively responsible for my erection.

Four years passed in this manner. During that period Ingénue Conquette and I never once came to grips. Finally, not one whit less eager to have her and she was magnificent at eighteen, I resolved somehow to arrange for her to sleep in my house: I hit upon the expedient of detaining her until a late hour and to keep her by me for the night use the pretext of a sudden illness. She slept just as soundly as she used to years before; and so it was I fell to tonguing her directly she had closed her eyes; her discharge had the proportions of a river in flood. Her *mons Veneris* was superb, it was upholstered with a bush of jet black hair, soft and fine; I burned with desire to stopper her cunt, but as usual, her ejaculation had awakened her. "How odd it is," she said, "whenever I stay the night under your roof I have the strangest dreams which do the strangest things to me!" I limited myself simply to asking permission to kiss her slippered foot; or sometimes her leg; by dint of much wheedling, I one time went so far to to get her to allow me to touch the velvety hair which embellished her trick; but the sensation so alarmed her and made her so skitterish that, fearing lest I succeed in deflowering her before she became a married woman, she, aided by her mistress, Madame Comprenant, rushed precipately in wedlock with, as it proved, a dreadful rotter of a fellow. It was that rash step I had the greatest trouble forgiving her, but the poor child suffered so much from her hasty decision, she had so much opportunity to repent of it, and her charming cunt was subsequently to serve me so

well, that I was more than willing to let bygones be bygones and forget the errors committed by youth and inexperience. I had yet another motive for compassion: I owe that execrable marriage a host of indescribable delights (as shall be seen in the pages to follow) as well as my present comfortable circumstances.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Conditions of Marriage

The next Sunday, Conquette Ingénue being at my home as on week-ends she customarily was, she could not avoid noticing that my prick was hard and upright as ever a prick can be. She trembled for her virginity; I had kissed her feet, her legs, but she had fended me clear of her cunt ... Of a sudden, I get to my feet, go round behind the chair she is sitting in and from behind slip my two hands under her bodice and seize her bubs ... Ah, how pretty they were, small but firm, and so fair, so ripe! ... There was no way for her to elude me ... It was then she declared in a seriousness that she wished to marry; I went and stood before her, my prick in the air and as solid as a mace: she blushed to her eyes. My spirits were in a prodigious ferment, I was in every nerve inflamed by love and lust; I announced that I would sign no marriage contract save upon condition she first let me depucelate her; she said that would never do. By main force I took hold of her cunt; she tried to back away. "Is that not enough? You have touched me, now will you not give your consent?" "I have to get my tongue into you ..." "Your tongue?"—she seemed not to understand; I explained. "My tongue indeed, and I propose to keep it there until you discharge ..." She pondered the matter, then

sighed: "Oh, all the things you've done to me! You were the cause of my dreams."

Lying down upon the bed, she resigned herself. "Satisfy yourself," she said, "and do not deceive me. I wish to be a maid upon my wedding day: Monsieur Vitnègre is a widower and Madame Comprenant says he knows all about these articles, whether they're new or used." During this speech I was feasting my eyes upon that ravishing article, upon the sight of a belly modeled like Aphrodite's and as white as ivory, of an alabaster thigh, of a satin-smooth ass. "Make haste," said she. "I'm composing an inventory of all the goods we are to deliver to your Consieur Vitnègre, and everything appears to be in first-rate condition, excepting for one thing I'll tell you about . . . But let's such . . ." I was completely carried away . . . I licked her furiously, keeping a sharp eye open for the gushing descent of her virginal liquor, awaiting that instant to hurl myself upon her and encunt her: she came with the sixth thrust of my tongue, but came with a well nigh unbelievable abundance; could this be fuck? I wondered. However, the merry jig she danced convinced me it could be nothing else: wherewith, abandoning her cunt, I leaped upon her, mad with pleasure. I am fully certain she would have given me a free rein, but her unpracticed cunt, although well wetted by her fuck and my saliva, was not to be penetrated. I had not yet acquired the skill needed to make one's way into certain virgins whose cracks require to be greased with pommade or fresh butter. At last, she seized my prick, attempting to oust me; gripped in her soft white hand, my prick spat forth its charge and I

soaked her fingers, her cunt, her belly, her thighs with a spray of fuck. A tidy thing—she always kept herself spick and span—, she broke free of me and ran off to wash herself.

"Who would ever suppose," I exclaimed as I watched her rinse and wipe her ass, thighs and cuntlet, "that I'd been futtering you?" "If," Conquette Ingénue retorted, "if you were only reasonable you'd give me that pleasant licking as often as you wish, for, upon my soul, it does delight me." "Well said," I declared and, fonding her cunt, I had her dart her tongue into my mouth. "But," she went on, "no more of that other thing which left a mess in what I've just washed; I want to be an honest woman." "You owe your pretty cunt to your father," I observed to my charming daughter. "If you were rich, I'd give up my plans to marry and I'd devote myself to your pleasures. But I must have a husband if I am to cease to be a burden to you."

Touched by her words, I showered her with kisses from head to toe; slippered feet, legs, forehead, eyes, mouth, nipples, thighs, ass, I kept relentlessly at it until she discharged. That done, I affixed my signature to every paper she brought before me; I adored her.

She went off and married and for three months avoided seeing me; such conduct infuriated me, and I swore I'd fuck her and make her fuck if I were ever to get my hands upon her again—I'd fuck her a thousand and one times over before I'd forgive her for abandoning me so monstrously, so unnaturally. But little did I know that she was already unhappy.

CHAPTER NINE

I Am Compensated for the Loss of Ingénue

Victoire Conquette, my second daughter, since her mother's death had been living in the country with her Aunt Genovefette, at the time married to her latest keeper. She was of fair complexion with large blue eyes, and I longed for her. Having no cunt to which to devote myself, I wrote to have Victoire sent home without delay. While awaiting her arrival, I made myself comfortable with a pair of little and still unbearded, or at best downy-haired, cunts which I succeeded in perforating with the help of some pommade: these fetching targets belonged to the sister and the mistress of my secretary, an excellent lad who himself put them at my disposal, in such wise as shall be seen in due time; he and I had hitherto been fucking his elderly mother-in-law, preferring not to resort to whores.

Directly Victoire returned, I ordered shoes made for her as I had done for Ingénue: shoes with slender high heels, and this child, who had attained the age of fifteen, caused me as stout an erection as her sister had. But I was not interested in deflowering her; I simply employed her as an hors-d'oeuvre, to whet my palate and put me in form for heavier undertakings: the encuntment, more vigorously executed thanks to Victoire's ministry, of Minonne

and Connette, respectively the sister and mistress of Trait-d'Amour, my secretary, or of Trait-d'Amour's mother-in-law. To prepare myself for these enterprises I would have Victoire, gaily clothed and of course shod, enter the room, I would seize her by the skirts and seat her on my knees, being myself nude, if circumstances permitted; my NO. 4 .. ..
trousers down, if trousers I was wearing, I would have myself caressed, given a few licks of the tongue; if I chanced to be naked, my prick would wedge itself between her thighs and commence to waggle up and down, to left and right; if she were fully dressed, I would have her fist my prick and, she being exceedingly innocent, say to her: "Eh, my pretty one, squeeze my finger tight, tighter still!" Minonne, Connette or the mother-in-law, one of the three, would always arrive: Trait-d'Amour would go off to summon one of them as soon as he saw me encloset myself with Victoire. Hearing their approach, I would, by a hidden door, convey the charming little one to her room, I'd return for a delicious fuck in which Trait-d'Amour would participate by tickling my balls. Once I was done, he would straightway encunt whomever I had possessed and in my turn I would tickle his balls.

This life would have suited me for a long time—even though it was a life led without my beloved Conquette Ingénue who had become Madam Vitnègre—had my sisters Genovefette and Marie not decided that it was indecent for me to keep Victoire alone with me in the house; they joined forces and obliged me to apprentice her to a lingerie merchant and his wife, perhaps the most virtuous and God-

fearing couple in Paris; Madame Beauconin led little Victoire away to her new guardians.

Fortunately the good Fanfan a few days before, had introduced me to a superb woman who was separated from her husband and hence wildly amorous; Victoire knew nothing of my latest acquisition, and this lovely woman, supposing that my heart belonged to Victoire, fucked beneath me like a she-devil, calling me her papa and bidding me "Stuff her, stuff your beloved Victoire, your passionate and tender daughter."

CHAPTER TEN

Concerning the Villainous Husband

But the moment was approaching when I was to recover Conquette Ingénue; my keenest desire, even as I lay in the arms of Madame Maresquin (Victoire's friend) was to make a cuckold of Vitnègre.

There came a day when I encountered my Conquette on the Pont Notre-Dame. She was most distraught, very tearful, and she cast herself into my arms; I was deeply moved and all my former anger evaporated at once. Although aggrieved, my delicious daughter was still beautiful, perhaps the more so for her unhappiness. My first impulse was to lay firm hold of her cunt, but I checked myself, for we were in the street. I went to see her the next evening, at the hour she had told me her husband, or rather her monster, was never at home; I did indeed find her alone and in the course of that first visit she confessed to me she had taken a lover. Infinitely pleased by this avowal, which proclaimed Vitnègre's cuckoldry, I flattered her, spoke sweet nothings, coaxed her, got her to agree to open her cunt to Timon, her beau; but soon after I gathered this was a purely Platonic attachment wherein Conquette found consolation for the brutalities of a thoroughgoing debauchee by recounting her woes to a soft-pricked but sincere and spiritual poet: she

liked to speak of her undemanding and patient lover, and as I was the only one with whom she could safely discuss these questions, I promised her I would arrange secret interviews for them: she was in seventh heaven.

I paid her a second visit: Conquette mentioned some of Vitnègre's recent infamies. Upon one occasion, stooping down to pick up something from the floor, he had one of his friends seize her cunt. She had protested. "Why, it's merely a cunt you've got there is your hand," Vitnègre said coolly to his colleague; "didn't I tell you her cunt-hair is softer than silk? Well, old man, would you believe it? the inside is softer still." Conquette wished to leave the room; he caught her brutally by the arm, had her climb aboard him, drew her skirts high up above her thighs and clutched her cunt in his hand, bringing it into clear view of his friend and frigging her betimes. While all this was going on he described how much pleasure she was able to give her partner when she chose to be agreeable. "But," he added, "she's like every other whore: you've got to give her a good thrashing to make her do her duty." Next, he attempted to expose her breasts, but she broke away from him; whereupon he swung his booted foot and bestowed a lusty kick upon her ass. Some few days later the same friend having dined with them, Vitnègre, noticing that after coffee his wife had gone off to piss and then paid a visit to the bidet, said to his cohort, Culant by name: "There we have a damned clean cunt, and were we to employ a little dexterity or if need be a little force, we might both be able to give it a lick or two. However, if it's to be force, don't be startled if you

hear somewhat of an uproar; but if by milder means we are to obtain our way, here before you is the key: it opens the door which yields entrance to the corridor; you will step in when, weary myself, I shall say in a loud tone: 'Come, Madame, show me a smiling cunt and let's begin again'—and then advance boldly, my dear chap, smite unsparingly, for I'd as soon have the whole wide world fuck this bitch: her path's still insufficiently trod, needs widening!" Conquette was called back into the room, the husband had her sit down before the fire; he deployed his prick, discovered his large brown balls, recommended that his friend do the same that he be completely at his ease, and as the latter hesitated: "Untrouser him this very instant, buggress," said he to his wife, "or I'll tear out your cunt-hair by the handful!" He did indeed reach forth his hand, Conquette uttered a cry; Culant immediately brought his prick and balls to light, in so doing asking Vitnègre to deal gently with her. "Look sharp there, buggress, frig us both, one with either hand. I am her master," went on that scoundrel, addressing Culant, "she does just what I tell her—how can she help but obey?" Conquette was weeping; Culant sought to intercede in her behalf. "Very well, then, let her suck my prick, there, that way, on her knees, for I think I'd like to squirt into her mouth. I used to discharge into my first wife's —she died, you know, and perhaps from overdrinking, who knows? It used to be my greatest delight to slake her thirst!" Culant remarked to the effect that thus to use it would be to spoil the prettiest of mouths. "My God! Objections, objections, always objections! Then I'll employ my own

mouth—" "The sight would make me come, I fear," Culant said. "Why then, my sly one, pray go int this little room." Vitnègre thrust Conquette into a dimly-lit cabinet and then urged Culant in after her; wherewith the wicked fellow adjusted his dress and left his house for another where he had the habit of gambling. Culant, left to his own devices, sucked and licked Conquette but dared not fuck her, having so diminutive a prick he was certain she would recognize that it did not belong to her master. Nevertheless, Culant discharged six times and Conquette did twice as well. When sate and spent he gave her a blow of his fist, that she might persist in mistaking him for Vitnègre. But that evening, returning from his adventures, the monster said to his wife: "Well, buggress, were you adequately tongued this afternoon? 'Twasn't I toiled over you, I'd surely not have done you the honor of half-a-dozen discharges—my friend doubtless has taken a liking to you. But can you have failed to recognize him? for I hear you blew off twelve times in a row, and you never stiffen with me. And the blow he gave you—a stout one, eh? you felt it, I trust?" And thereupon the wretch burst into laughter. "Well, there you are, bitch of a lawyer's bastard, there you are, a whore to the teeth, I've nothing to do now but cash in on your cunt." Terrified, Conquette then and there formed the resolution to leave him; it was the following day we met on the bridge, and having taken her decision, she intended to carry it out and be rid of that monster.

My daughter's tale, although related in rather more subdued terms than in the version I have

given, had revolted me; I assured her of speedy aid —but, at the same time and as I sought to comfort her, my prick held a fine consistency and threatful slope, for all stories of libidinous brutality excite my prick into an erection.

I solicited her favors; my request was answered with blushes, but I was permitted to kiss the pretty green slipper she was wearing. I went no further, wishing to start things aright. However, during the visit I paid her on the morrow, I laughingly slid a hand between her blouse and her back, then came gradually round to her bubs which, to be sure, she undertook to protect, but which remained in my possession all the same; shortly after achieving this success, I set out for another and began to stroke her hair. Then, eager to see to what point I could carry matters without encountering a determined resistance, I teased the silky hairs upon her cunt . . . which she gave me to fondle, all the while trembling lest her husband interrupt us. In order to put her at ease, I had her talk about her lover, and while she prattled on, I proceeded from one liberty to another, finally inserting three fingers three inches into her cunt . . . She was so engrossed in her subject that indeed I do believe she fancied it was Timon who was cheering her up. As I rubbed away, I told her I had located a pension for her and that she could go there directly she left Vitnègre: she reddened with pleasure and threw her arms about me. I darted my tongue into her mouth, then felt hers enter mine. Furiously happy, I was on the point of asking her to tell me in what manner she had been depucelated when, Vitnègre's step sounding outside the door, I dashed into the same cabi-

net Culant had used, thinking I would be able to get away through the door to the hallway, but what was my surprise to see a monk enter by that same door. I retreated and hid behind a large sofa; he failed to notice me. Vitnègre entered by the door leading from the room I had just left. "Salutations, my most reverend father. Will you fuck her before dinner, or after?" The monk, appearing to meditate over his reply and squinting through a glass panel which afforded him a view of Conquette, licked his lips and finally said:

CHAPTER ELEVEN

A Maidenhead Intended For A Thick Prick Blasted By A Small One

"No, my son, no 'twill be as priorly we agreed: go into the room, increase the light therein so that I shall have excellent opportunity to see all that comes to pass: amuse yourself with her: teats, asshole, cunt. I shall reserve my best for the night." "Nonsense," said the generous husband with a large gesture, "I'm quite willing to throw this one into the bargain." But the man of God remained adamant. "No, I say, I only like bedtime fucking—you know: to suck tongue and bub, to encunt, to embugger, to be suckled, etc., etc., to sink a good tooth into a pretty tit, to nip its extremities ... Proceed, dear boy, go into the other room with your prick aloft, warm her up, and, I beseech you, brutalize her just a little ..."

Vitnègre, his loins bare, returned to his wife who, as always, trembled at his approach. "Mark you, buggress, the condition my prick is in? It's because of that neat little foot I see before me. It's pleasure I'm searching after ... the other day I overheard some poor sod behind you say he'd like to get his tool in you ... get that kerchief away from your chest, I've got to see your dugs ... pretty things they are, by God, white, firm ... Ah, my little slut,

I'd tear off these pink buttons if I weren't afraid of damaging the merchandise. What a fuckable shape to those buttocks! ... Up with your petticoats, whore, up with them, above your waist, above the navel, let me see that mechanism ... Very nice ... now walk, presenting your cunt ... now turn around and let's have a look at your ass ... excellent, capital ... a very graceful movement you've got, bitch, wiggle your ass, do you hear me? and wiggle your cunt too, agitate it, by God, and keep it up till I tell you to stop." She toured at least a hundred times around the room, alternately exhibiting her ass and her cunt. His eyes fixed upon the spectacle, I heard the monk say: "That bugger's prick isn't as stout as mine ... he wasn't able to depucelate her. Ah, dear Jesus, how she'll screech tonight! But I mustn't have that. Screech? then there'll be a scandal, the neighbours will come running," reasoned the ecclesiastic, "they'll think someone is killing her and who knows? maybe I shall. Shall I? Ha! why not? What? But I'd best go now," and the odd fellow did go, murmuring as he left on tip-toe: "she's someone it'd be a delight to kill, that's clear, and killed she'll be." At the same instant Vitnègre gave Conquette the signal to stop parading: "Whoa there, bitch! Stand still a minute." He entered the cabinet. "What do you think of her?" he demanded. "Like to have a go at her now?" My prick was as hard as a rock; attempting to simulate the monk's voice, I said in a hoarse whisper that yes, I might try her after all. Vitnègre went to fetch his wife and, driving her brutally ahead of him: "Get along with you, bitch, whore, or I'll fuck your ass! ... ah, but you're going to

howl like a crowning cat—but see to it, you bloody-cunted slut, see to it you don't wake the neighbors, for if you do I'll bring every blessed one of them in here, that wouldn't bother me one damned bit, I'd keep your cunt corked even through all of Paris were here to watch me operating." With these words he pitched her head over heels onto the couch which had been placed in the cabinet, then disappeared; I leapt atop my daughter who, feeling herself being almost painlessly probed, refrained from raising a fuss. "Scream!" I said to her in a low voice. And scream she did, she screamed to wake the dead upon discovering she had some stranger's member in her trick. As soon as I had discharged, and discharged deliciously, by having her oscillate her cunt, I made my escape just before the neighbors put in their appearance, and as she kept up the disturbance, I sent them in to rescue her. She was found standing on her feet. " 'Tis only my wife," said Vitnègre with an apologetic smile; "we were making love, a mere nothing don't you know. Look at the silly creature, she's still soaking wet with pleasure, but she's got the temperament of a wildcat: she bites and howls whenever you show her any kindness at all." Agreeing that Vitnègre was a very witty fellow indeed, the neighbors all laughed and withdrew.

Vitnègre dined and comported himself with a degree of politeness; he wondered whether his wife had identified her fucker as a monk and feared that she might chatter about what had happened. I took supper in a cabaret opposite Vitnègre's house; I saw him leave, and when I had finished my meal I returned to my daughter who related everything

that had passed. I said not a word.

I induced her to describe the circumstances of her depucelation—for she believed she was a maid no more—because I had a strong taste for such narratives and hoped hers would sufficiently restore my vigor to enable me to fuck her once again; she launched into the story as soon as I had put her in the right mood by speaking of her lover.

"Our first night and the three succeeding ones each netted Vitnègre five hundred *louis*, or so I subsequently learned from him. Directly we reached the house in which we were to dwell together, he lit four candles and disposed them around the bed. He had me lie down with my skirts raised above my waist. He turned me this way and that way, examining and kissing me everywhere; he had me lift my legs in the air and then stand up on the bed. 'Wiggle your ass,' said he, 'no, this way, the way I'm doing it'—he showed me how—'as if I were busy fucking you.' I pointed out to him that this was indecent . . . 'Indecent! Bah! a wife is her husband's whore,' he observed philosophically and fell to licking my cunt and then bawled at the top of his lungs: 'She's discharging! look at her squirt!' . . . and he had me grasp his thick member, as heavy as a horse's and of the same color . . . 'Down on your back,' he cried, 'I'm going to fuck you now.' He flung himself upon my belly, but could accomplish nothing. 'They who say your father popped your cherry are a pack of bloody liars; you're as mint as a six-months-old babe. Would that all of Europe were here to bear witness to this marvel . . . into which a knitting needle couldn't go.' He lubricated me with some preparation, oiling

me before and behind, extinguished the candles (my maidenhead had been sold) and pretended to climb into bed; actually, it was someone else who lay down beside me for all night long I was harassed by a fat member which got nowhere in the face of my narrow avenues."

At that point in her story when she had quoted Vitnègre's exclamation, "She's discharging!" I had slid a hand between her thighs; she felt it there but offered no resistance; I sank a finger into her cunt. "Ah, papa," said she, "you'll be just as hard on me as the others when the day comes that I am depucelated—" "How's that? Depucelated? Is this true, my heavenly child?" "Never has anyone entered into what you are holding with your hand at this minute." "O daroable girl, I am a god, not a mortal man! . . . but you've given me too fierce an erection! I must have your precious favor, else I'll have a frightful spermatic colic . . ." and without further ado I picked her up in my arms and carried her into the adjoining cabinet.

CHAPTER TWELVE

Wherein The Most Delicious of Incestuous Unions Is Recounted

"You are all of you alike," she sighed, "and even my own papa cares for me only on account of that hole." "And on account also of your breasts, your nipples, your mouth, your eyes, your voluptuous figure, your inspiring curves, your legs, your prick-lifting feet, your soul, naive and virginal still despite all that has been done to make a whore of you." As I pronounced these words, I raised her skirts from behind—she was bent forward over the couch placed in the cabinet for purposes of fuckery—and I readied myself to attack her from the rear, but pommade was necessary to effect the introduction. "It's all my own fault," she continued, "if these stories I tell inflame every man who listens to them; Timon only once threatened my virtue and that was after he had heard the same tale, although I didn't go into all the particulars." She sprang away from me, for my device was hovering within an inch of success; "And so you wish to make me ill, downright ill," I said in the most plaintive accents. They melted her, her lovely blue eyes became moist, she came back and leaned forward and inserted my prick herself, and aiding me despite some sharp pains which the pommade only

partially lessened, she said: "Whenever my sister and I would watch you stick it into Mother—and we saw you doing it all the time—you used to roar with pleasure, but you must not roar now, Vitnègre might walk in." I promised to labor in silence ... ah what delights were mine! I encunted her, my beloved partner's trick twitched and gripped my prick; never was satin so smooth as that celestial cuntlet's interior, the cuntlet yet unfledged is not narrower. "Ah, if that rascal of a husband of yours had really known what your cunt is worth, he'd have battled his way into it even at the price of dying in the attempt." "No, his member is too thick. you see, he was afraid of spoiling me. He frigs himself, or has me frig him, while holding me by the hair or a buttock and when he discharges he swears and blasphemes." She contracted; she discharged ... whereupon I too came, deliciously, ecstatically, crying aloud notwithstanding my promise. "Move, move, shake, stir your ass," I said again and again, "squeeze your cunt, my angel, good ... good ... choke it to death ... ah again ... and again!" and she wrung my spouting prick and herself discharged repeatedly; I felt the last depths of her cunt pinch and suck the end of my prick! ... I discharged three times running without budging from her cunt, and she shot off perhaps ten ejaculations, which I could sense from her convulsive shudderings, her spasms, her jerking up and down; at last she was spent, panting for breath ... I disencunted as soon as I felt she had ceased to emit; she washed herself at once, for Vitnègre had the whimsical habit, upon his return and even in the presence of anyone he brought home with him,

of seizing and sniffing her cunt.

We went into the salon to rest ourselves and to talk. I divulged the entire adventure of the monk in whose interests Vitnègre had made her display her breasts, her ass, her cunt ... I described the huge proportions of the monk's engine, assuring her that it was twice the size of her husband's, I provided her with a picture of the barbarous joy of the ecclesiastic near whom I had lay in hiding and who in the most unequivocal language had expressed his desire to split her open like a ripe melon with that massive prick of his. Shuddering, Conquette cast herself into my arms upon hearing of all this. "Oh save me, dearest papa, only save me and I shall be devoted to you forever!" "I shall save you," I affirmed. I explained how and why the beastly monk had gone, swearing that, had he remained and tried to violate her, I would have stabbed him to death without hesitation. I explained also how her abominable husband had surrendered her to me, thinking he was giving her go the monk who had paid for her. "You know, O adorable child, how I put it in you ... 'Tis I who, contrary to all hope and all likelihood, 'tis I who snatched your maidenhead from the clutches of our enemies."

Conquette kissed me prettily upon the lips. "But how are you going to rescue me?" she wanted to know. "I shall come to fetch you an hour from now, I'll lead you away, you'll stay at your pension; as soon as you are safe and sound, I'll introduce an attractive and talented whore into the cabinet—I've got your key to it and I've already found the whore and she's agreed—as if I were going to fuck with her: I'll make a noise immediately I hear

Vitnègre and the monk arriving, I'll skip out, I'll listen to what goes on, and tomorrow we'll see what's to be done." This scheme delighted my daughter who saw her sufferings about to be brought to an end; I ought to have taken her away without wasting an instant, but instead I amused myself by having her tell me what had befallen upon the second and third nights of her marriage.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

The Rental Of Conquette's Ass And Cunt

My matchless daughter resumed her woeful story in these terms:

"Vitnègre repeated the same things the second night. Taking light hold of my breasts: 'These seem of an admirable firmness,' he commented and stationed me as though he were exhibiting me on the auctioneer's block to a crowd of imaginary buyers (one of whom was only too real). After having placed my fur in view, he turned me around and showed my buttocks. 'Still a virgin,' said he, as if speaking to himself; 'in order to perforate her you'll have to grease her like a pig and dip your own prick in butter.' He sucked and violently pumped my cunt and when I was wet enough to satisfy him, he let me catch my breath.

"After a brief nap I woke to find that I was lying on my belly, and that astride me sat a man who was struggling to drive his exceedingly massive member into my fundament, but although he cared not a whit for my groans and sighs, he failed over and over again to open a passage through my anal rosebud (that was his expression as he spoke in low whisper to someone nearby). I next heard someone else in this room say: 'Well, I'm not the one to be of much help: my prick's far too heavy to blaze the trail ... Here, have a look. Much too thick, isn't it?" I understood nothing, fell back to sleep and did

not awake again.

"The next day, towards noon, having first buttered my rosebud and steeped his member in olive oil, Vitnègre bade me lie down upon my belly and pull my skirts up, then he mounted into the saddle. 'I've got to try out this buggering club on you,' he muttered. I reminded him he had spent the whole night trying me out. 'That will be enough from you,' said he; 'all we need to do is enlarge the vent . . . Ah, by God, what a fortune these two gems are going to bring me once the rumor gets abroad!' He strove with might and main, tortured me for a good two hours, and all for nothing; he had to suspend his experiment, a copious discharge depriving him of rigidity and strength.

"And the third night he once again repeated what he had done on each of the previous ones. Upon awakening and while still sleepy I found myself lying upon my back; above me was a man frantically attacking my gem with everything in his power: I uttered a protest . . 'Are you discharging, my dear?' inquired Vitnègre. My rider dismounted, and he added: 'Beware lest you cry wolf the moment you see something hairy coming your way. Buck up, my heart, fist this prick of mine, I've a yen to discharge. Tickle my balls with your free hand, that's it, do what I'm doing to your cunt . . . fine . . . splendid . . . ah!' (It was not before we had been married six weeks that he began to call me bitch and whore.) But 'twasn't he I fondled, I discovered that afterwards. Someone discharged no less than six times in succession, I serviced that man steadily for more than an hour, and he devoted another to tonguing me; I was at the end of my strength. And then he had me piss into his

mouth and he lost not a drop: he swallowed it all; he left me at last."

I restiffened despite my four discharges and said to my daughter: "I can't bear it not another second, oh divinely becunted angel. I'll not try to hide it from you, my delicious little friend: apart from my passion for you, quite as inexplicable as your beauty, something else powerfully stimulates me: 'tis the desire to cuckold Vitnègre. Wouldst, were such a thing possible without obliterating your heavenly charms, wouldst that all the men in the world could make use of your cunt that he might be universally cornute! Come, come give me my happines," and I was bearing her towards the divan when we heard a key turn in the door. I immediately hid myself in the obscure cabinet. Vitnègre appeared with a young man in tow; we clearly heard him say before entering: "You've got the sort of prick that should fill the bill, and that's why for six bumfucked *louis* I'm letting you have a pucelage that's worth a thousand. Here's the way we'll go about it: I'll precede you and make as if to kill her; you'll beg me to spare her, and I'll only let her off if she seconds you in wishing to be encunted by you. My big-pricked clients are all annoyed not to be able to fuck or embugger her; they pay like the devil, you know. We get on very well from what she earns ... I feed her excellent dinners; look at her; chubby, wouldn't you say? But first of all you're to encunt her, that's a matter of pressing urgency; and tomorrow you'll stick it into her ass, which is an operation of secondary importance. Mind you, I adore her; if I treat her a little roughly, that's only to make her pliable, so that she'll bend to my will. I've earned three thousand francs

from her and we've not been married longer than three months. Let's go in now. She'll ravish you. But show her no pity." Such was the monstrous Vitnègre's speech.

We did not wait to greet them. I pushed Conquette ahead of me, we emerged from the house, went straight to the pension. She wished however to accompany me; we went to get Connilette the whore, an appetizing, well-decked specimen. Conquette preceded us; fortified by my presence, she opened the door to the obscure cabinet, entered, we followed her; I cold Connilette to stretch out fuckably on the bed. My daughter received the two libertines; they found her in superior form The young man—he went by the name of L'Enfonceur —and Vitnègre himself vied with one another in praising her. Vitnègre, who was mad about her feet thus shod in high-heeled shoes, kissed her nether extremities, saying: "Ah, that's it, my dearie, let's go softly to work. I'd be the world's most unhappy man if I had to give up the idea of fucking you. You've got to be trimmed to measure or rather enlarged: my prick's too stout. Unprepared, it would do you damage: here's a better-proportioned device which without discharging is going to perforate you, and thus pierced, you'll manage to accommodate my weightier instrument tonight—and I intend to bury it deep. Here, look at what I've brought you," and he pulled L'Enfonceur's prick out of hiding. L'Enfonceur? or was it Timon, the modestly-furnished poet? Yes, it seemed as though Vitnègre had—I have no idea how—discovered his wife's predilection for that handsome taffy-haired youth, and he employed him in the following manner.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

The Young Man, The Whore And The Monk

Upon recognizing her lover in the man her husband was bringing home to encunt her, my daughter blushed with modesty and desire; she found an opportunity to whisper in my ear: "Tell the whore to leave, we shan't be needing her tonight." I saw very clearly that Conquette was in a lather to be fucked by her gallant; I did not send away but concealed the whore; and there follows an account of what took place next.

Just as soon as Connilette was installed out of sight behind the large sofa in the cabinet, Conquette went in to join the two men who conveyed her to the locale selected for sport and had her sit bare-assed down upon their clasped hands. "Well, my little harlot of a wife, you're going to be depucelated at long last, thoroughly fucked upon this occasion," declared Vitnègre; "but never fear ... when later on tonight you have to cope with a thick prick ..." He disposed her skirts and adjusted her. "Excellent. Now, L'Enfonceur, let me put your prick into the works ... no, better still, my little helpmeet will insert it herself: she must become accustomed to performing these chores." Vitnègre quit the room. I remarked however that he left the door ajar: whence I augured some villainous stunt,

but I was there in case of need. Speaking in a muffled voice, Timon said to my daughter: "Shall I put it in you?" "No, no, he's gone off to get some listeners"—this word sent a chill through Timon. "But he'll maim you, you'll end up a cripple!" "I don't sleep here anymore." Satisfied by her short reply, the lover set forthwith to tonguing her cunt with great gentleness; the voluptuous girl discharged nonetheless ... she was beside herself when I heard Vitnègre return, I supposed with the monk; he entered rapidly, followed by three neighbors. "I'm going to show you precisely what I mean," said he and indeed he showed them something in his room.

At this point, however, my love-smitten daughter, yet impaled by her lover's vibrant tongue, pronounced a deep sigh; the three neighbors pricked up their ears. "Why, that must be my wife," said Vitnègre; "I didn't realize she was in the house: I've purchased that cloth for her." "Oh, but she must see it, you must fetch her in," chorused the three neighbors. The monster bade them wait a moment—one of the neighbors indeed was about to go in search of Conquette—, he took a candle, saying that he would find out first whether she were asleep. He reached the door, halted and feigned a look of scorn and anger. He drew back, but over his shoulder the three neighbors had seen quite as well and as much as he: Conquette half-naked, stretched out on her back upon the bed, a man's head nestled between her thighs. Vitnègre ushered the neighbors out by the corridor, all the while striking his forehead and uttering confused sentences.

He had attained his object: if during the night his wife were to scream and weep, the three neighbors would now know the reason why and would explain it to anyone else; if Madame Vitnègre were to perish, rent asunder by the monk's claymore (the monk, who was very rich, was to pay sixty thousand francs for his victim, several others of whom he had killed, since he always chose narrow-cunted prey), then it would be she who was in the wrong.

And now Vitnègre returned to the two lovers who had altered their position. L'Enfonceur, after having spilled his seed upon the floor, had remounted upon my daughter's belly. "Ha!" said the infamous husband, "have you run your peg all the way into her? encunted her solidly? . . . Have you discharged? and has she?" "We have both discharged," replied Timon L'Enfonceur. "I am going out now," said Vitnègre; "keep raking her out while I'm gone—I'll be away for an half-hour. Don't be alarmed by what you are going to hear: I have my reasons for all this." He went into the hallway, opened the door quietly and began to shout as if he were kicking his wife about like a football: "Bitch,! slut! whore! You fuck when I'm abroad, do you! Slime! Fuck-bibbler! Ass-wipe! You screw, eh! . . . Well, I'm going to the police, do you understand? I've had enough of this." He noisily opened the door, then slammed it, but before departing he whispered to the impassioned couple: "Wiggle your ass, bounce it, my dearie; courage, L'Enfonceur, dig in, scrape the barrel clean." L'Enfonceur, puzzled, watched Vitnègre go; "A nasty ruse, that one," I whispered to my daughter; 'the

monk plans to kill you, and Vitnègre is neglecting nothing to motivate your death." "Save us," she said, terror in her voice. "No, we're numerous enough to protect you. Pretend to Timon that I'm about to arrive here."

Timon re-entered the boudoir. "Here is papa," said Conquette, "he's just come, thank Heaven." "Ah, yes," said Timon, "his presence will shield us, for I was about to propose that we flee from this place. But let's wait and see what happens." Timon and I conferred; I pointed to where Connilette lay hiding and outlined our scheme, which he thought marvelous. However, time was rushing by. Timon carried the light back into the boudoir, my daughter and I hid ourselves while the young man and Connilette adopted an intimate posture upon the bed. "Be careful," she warned him, "keep your prick at a distance, for I'm in bad shape, my boy, don't let your balls touch my hair, I've got crabs . . ."

Wherewith Vitnègre and the monk made their entry. The neighbors clustered at the window took the holy man for the chief of police.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

In Which There Figures A Fucker a la Justine

First, the monk removed his gown. Then he produced and brandished a prick of such colossal, nay, outrageous dimensions that my affrighted daughter hugged me in her arms. "Ah, but you carry a bludgeon under your belly," said Vitnègre in a flattering tone. "It's killed two nuns each of whom had previously borne two children to our abbot; I believe I've never encunted a woman without killing her, never, that is to say, but once: my own mother escaped being disembowelled, God knows how, but fucking her gave me no pleasure, the old bitch was slack-sprung and bled hardly at all . . . As for your wife, ah this is going to be a festival! she's as good as fucked and finished already: she'll be dead before I'm done encunting her, and I'll embugger her corpse! . . . By the way, here's the money: sixty thousand in bank-notes . . ." Vitnègre counted them, put them in his pocket. "If only," said he, "if only I could encunt her just once—" "Are you jesting?" roared the monk. "Afterwards, after I'm done . . . the body will still be warm." I shuddered and as I had a brace of loaded pistols with me, I was tempted that instant to blow the monster's brains out . . . but no, I held back, thinking of the pox which was going to consume him.

"Before they're in rags and tatters would you like to see her cunt, her pretty face?" "No, that would soften my prick; lead me to her: I prefer to dispense with light." They crept towards the bed, feeling their way along in the darkness.

Intending to remove L'Enfonceur from bed so that space would be cleared for the monk, Vitnègre preceded the latter. Finding only a partially unclothed woman there, he was fair to dip his wick in her cunt, which desire he signalled to her by bringing his mouth to that dangerous orifice. She was fending him off when the monk all but crushed him by hurling himself upon the girl. Vitnègre was obliged to beat a retreat on all fours.

Father Fout-à-Mort—as Vitnègre called him—was accustomed to begin his operations chewing his mount's nipples as he at the same moment effected his devastating entry into the cunt, but vast as this one was, and yet further widened by a sponge the girl had just removed, his engine was vaster and would not enter. Connilette emitted a piercing shriek as she felt her cunt being torn; she struggled to get away, scratching and fighting with both hands. Knowing she could not escape her fate, Fout-à-Mort, whose pleasure was in direct proportion to the beauty of the woman he was killing and the straitness of her cunt, only forged the more resolutely ahead; while holding her legs wide apart, he bit off first one and then the other nipples. Connilette's cries were ended by a deep swoon or death. I regretted not having made use of my pistols—the monk's head was at the most a yard away—, but upon hearing the shot the neighbors would probably have broken down the door, and it

was that which restrained me. Having battled to the bottom of the mangled girl's cunt, Fout-à-Mort finally discharged, shouting and bellowing and thrashing like a lunatic. "Have a fuck," said he to Vitnègre, "before I plumb the bitch's ass." The scoundrel drew near, but feeling what resembled a blood-soaked cadaver on the bed, he recoiled.

"She's dead!" he exclaimed. Fout-à-Mort felt her pulse ... "No ... the heart's still beating ... quick, then, I've got to embugger her." Connilette's asshole was far narrower than her cunt, the monk had to toil like one of the damned; however, thanks to a mighty effort, he achieved the thing and was heard to say to Vitnègre: "Where there were formerly two holes, there is now but one," and he discharged horribly ...

Quivering with dread, my daughter grasped me around the waist. Vitnègre was weeping: "Oh, my poor wife, I have surrendered you to your judge, you are undone ..." "But I paid for her, did I not?" demanded the awful monk; "and so she belongs to me. Now get out of here, go to bed and go fuck your sixty thousand francs. You are in my way, you bother me; I'm going to get my money's worth while she's still warm, why not? I'm going to fuck my whore's asshole and cunt another five or six times." The cringing Vitnègre did as he was told, retiring to a little chamber and getting into bed.

Fout-à-Mort worried his defunct victim's broken body indefatiguably. At last, himself grown weary of the work, he went in search of a light so as to feast his cruel eyes upon what he had done ... (I said that the girl was pretty.) "She's still lovely to

see," quoth the monster, "but the whore's face is rather distorted: she no longer looks her old self." He peered at her cunt, raising her up by the ass ... and let her fall again, bursting into savage laughter. "In faith, the slut's got either a damned big cunt or a damned big asshole ... I don't know which ... But ... Is she truly dead, I wonder?" He took off the few clothes left on her body and carried it, naked, into the other room, deposited it on a large table, fetched a great salad-bowl, drew forth a surgeon's scalpel and lancet ... (through the windowed door we were able to see what he was doing.) "Off with the fleshy excrescences, for a beginning." He hacked away most of her breasts, scalped her *mons Veneris*, sliced steaks from her thighs, split open her belly, tore out her heart, her lungs, her liver, her womb, turned her over, removed her buttocks, severed her slippered feet, which he put in one of his pockets, severed her hands, which he crammed into another, turned her over again, cut out her tongue, cut off her head, stripped the flesh from her arms; next, he took a sheet from the bed and found her nightgown. "A royal dinner there for my brethren at the monastery and myself." The terrible cannibal wrapped the salad-bowl in the nightgown and the torso in the sheet, called to Vitnègre, said he was through with his work and was leaving, then told him to publish news on the following day that his wife was dying: "Have her put in a coffin and I'll look after her burial." And having recommended that he take care to remove all traces of blood from the floor and furnishings, he bade Vitnègre adieu and left, taking with him his salad-bowl of human flesh. It was three o'clock in

the morning. Vitnègre wept, but hearing our movements as we were preparing to leave, the cowardly dog was so terrified that he fled and locked himself in his little chamber.

We encountered no one as we left; crossing through the court, we heard the neighbors muttering to each other: "He didn't kill her after all. D'ye see? He's taking her along with him." As soon as we were outside, afraid lest we be pursued, we ran, threading our way through back streets and *ruelles*, and we were wise to do so: we heard running footsteps, but they were in adjoining streets and we were not stopped. I took my daughter to her pension having left Timon behind to watch and promising to come back within thirty minutes.

"You saw what my fate would have been," said Conquette, "had I not delayed your going by according you my favors." "Quite," I said. "O dear papa, my whole body is yours . . . do with it whatever you like." I asked for her mouth; she darted her tongue into mine, we reached her room. I told her to go to bed. "No," said she, "I'd never be able to sleep. What of my belongings? my clothes and jewels . . . do you suppose we'll manage to get them back?"

I applauded her lucid presence of mind. The hour was nearly five. I rushed back to join Timon whom I found pacing in front of Vitnègre's door. "Nothing so far," said he; but the next instant we saw Vitnègre emerge: Timon followed him and I went to get my daughter: her being there was now necessary to us. Some officious neighbors halted us; upon returning with Conquette and two hangers-on I came upon Timon who informed us that Vitnègre

had walked to the boulevard and beyond. Conquette opened the door. We loaded four trunks which had been readied but kept hidden; we left unseen and went to the house where one of my trusty servants dwelt. Only then was Conquette at her ease; she retired for the night and Timon and I each went home for some rest.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

Fucking Couch, Storeroom, Burial, Love Making

Now we are coming to some first-rate fuckeries, those in which my delicious Conquete Ingénue and my ravishing Victoire Conquette are to show their true mettle and whence they are to emerge seasoned veterans, making their fortunes and mine thereby, and losing thereunto a false delicacy and overnice scruple which always bar the road to prosperity. One must take care that modesty does not hinder prosperity. The regime I chose for the education of those dazzling creatures and their companions may perhaps startle the reader but, as in all other things, he would best suspend his criticism and judge only by the outcome.

Let us take up once again the thread of this charming story and turn to a few preparatory lovebouts which will usher in the main ones; I may however advise the reader that in this work he will come across no further Sadean horrors. 'Tis the painting of sweet voluptuousness constitutes genius' masterpiece.

The first visit Conquette received on the day following her inhumation and at the same hour was paid her by Timon. He found her at her pension. He recounted how, after having died two nights before, she had just been buried but he was inhibited from speaking freely by presence of the master and mistress of the house. Now, in this same building, only a few steps from where I lived, I had

a small room where I hid the copies of each number of my *Annales*[1], whose printing was at the time forbidden by the government; my daughter was to have her bed in this secluded place and was to sleep there that night—she would have been there already had it not been that she had recently risen. The bed I had installed—for my own use, for my secretary's, for his sister's, mistress' and mother-in-law's—was a comfortable and generous fucking-couch beneath whose thick coverlets one could nestle very agreeably. Vitnègre had one just like it: he used to hide in it when one or another of his clients came to exercize the cunt or ass of his wife (he called her his golden-egg-laying goose): he didn't like to miss anything of the spectacle and was, furthermore, afraid that a client might spirit her away from him; apart from that, his lust was flattered by watching: he was mad about his wife's feet; while she was being feelingly tongued by one of those buggers (they all adored her and were keenly to regret her loss), he would draw off one of her slippers: they were narrow and he used them the way another might employ a cunt. "Friends," he was wont to confide to his colleagues, "I have never fucked anything belonging to my wife but her shoes."

Sensing that Timon had a quantity of things to tell her, and that he was unable to talk where they presently were, Conquette pretended she had left a letter in my storeroom and that she wished to show it to him; having a key, they went down together.

[1]Restif publisher *L'Anti-Justine*, it will be recalled, under the name of Linguet, editor of that famous newspaper, *Les Annales politiques et littéraires.* (1770-1790)

I had just arrived there; I heard my daughter's step, her muted voice and Timon's; I hid myself in the capacious bed. They entered. Conquette carefully closed and locked the door, covered it with the mattress padding which prevented noise from being overheard outside, and they seated themselves near to where I lay.

"Ah, Madame," began the sensitive youth, "what scenes we've had! ... he discovered, I know not by what means, that I loved you—perhaps my glances betrayed me—or because one day when I was with him at your home and one of your purchasers was caressing you with his leave and his guise, he saw me shower kisses on one of your slippers—I thought I did so unnoticed .,. but he seemed until then to have been totally unaware that you loved me, or that you and I were ever acquainted ... And then came the terrible day. He called at my lodgings; I was having coffee; it was three in the afternoon. 'I'll never be able to depucelate my wife,' he told me, 'my prick's too large; you're a handsome lad, I've chosen you to handsell her, 'twill be this very day ... I simply ask six *louis* for her hire ... I'll give them to her as a gift ... she likes to buy herself trinkets.' I produced the money on the spot and we set out ... you know the rest.

"After leaving you on that fatal night, I slept until ten in the morning. I went to my office but on the way stopped at your husband's door. I knocked and heard two neighbors whispering together: 'It's the confessor ... so it couldn't have been Madame they took away last night.' The wicked fellow opened the door—that atrocious monk was with him; a friar had brought the coffin, it contained

something swathed in shrouds, and he was reciting prayers aloud beside the body, which lay in the obscure cabinet ... 'He's a friend,' Vitnègre explained to the monk; then, to me: 'my poor wife has passed away.' 'Passed away!' said I. 'She died in the arms of this reverand father.' The expression made me shudder. The monk spoke: 'I did all in my power ... we have taken all the necessary steps: she shall be buried quietly, permission has been granted us to carry out the little ceremony: it will take place at about four.' I left. After my mid-day meal, towards three-thirty I called again at Vitnègre's house: two priests, four pall-bearers, the monk and the friar carried out the body. There was no chanting. It was buried. We'll see what happens next; I plan to watch developments. You are thought dead, my beloved; will you accord me your favors? for you are free."

"My friend," was Conquette's modest reply, "let me begin by thanking you for the important services you have rendered me; but there is someone else who has rendered me yet greater ones: but for him I should have been doomed ... Were I still in possession of my favors, I should bestow them upon you, but they are now the rightful property of my first lover who, lying in concealment, discovered the plot they were hatching; he has just deflowered me, he made love to me once again after doing so, he is your single rival, but I adore him: his name, which I am going to disclose to you, shall prove in what high esteem I hold you, for, truly, this is a confidence to be guarded faithfully: he is my papa." Upon hearing these words Timon fell at his mistress' feet ... "Angelic girl, divine girl," he said, "I discern therein all your filial piety and the beauty

of your soul! Fuck your father, yes; may he be alone to encunt you: you would be worthy to be fucked by a god, if the gods still fucked these days ... but I ask but one thing: to lick out your cunt, my precious, and, with your father's noble permission, to sodomize you." "My most amiable friend," Conquette said to him, stroking his hand and smiling with infinite sympathy, "you are an eminently reasonable individual."

Timon shed his trousers, deposited in her hands a depucelating instrument, yet more meagerly constructed than my fine prick, had her caress his little globes and requested leave to frig her; she refused; wherewith Timon lay her upon the bed, hoisted her petticoats and voraciously, but fastidiously, sucked her cunt.

No indeed, never were such joyous sighs pronounced. "Ah, Timon! your tongue's even better than a prick," the young bard was told. She had ejaculated with the third lick of his gifted tongue, and in her delirium she raised her legs high in the air, clicking her heels, elevating her ass to favor the application of her pumper's mouth and the intromission of the tongue with which he was exiting her clitoris.

She was the image of her mother in this heel-clicking, for I never rogered that lamented woman save in daytime, for, whether having at her cuntwardly, bumwise, or orally, I wished to be inspired by the best part of her: I am referring to her leg and foot, I used to ask her to click her heels, because that reminded me of a woman walking—and that would always give me an erection.

When my daughter had her fill of discharging, she thrust Timon away from her swimming cunt.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

The Asshole Handselled. The Cunt-Fucking Father

The celestial Conquette Ingénue was as always her fair-minded and clear-thinking self: the reader will be not in the least surprised by the speech she uttered now. Turning over on her belly, "My next-to-best-friend," said she, "lubricate me: my foremost friend depucelated my gem, justice demands that to you be offered the first use of my rosebud—Papa would surely approve my decision." "O goddess!" exclaimed Timon as he inserted pommade in her anus by means of a simple piece of apparatus, "what a tranquil judgment you have, what unfailing wisdom! He shall have the cuntlet and I the rosy vent, each of us shall enjoy the privilege of exclusive fuckery." Timon burst through the narrow gate despite one or two little squeals and titters from my cherished daughter, and after some lively thumps and rattlings, he discharged. "Fuck!" he roared in his cultured voice, "fuck! . . . what an ass! Why, this is the very pleasure of Olympean Zeus!" and he slumped forward, drained of sperm and short of wind after that single stroke of lightning; and it also occurred to him, to my measureless satisfaction, that he had an appointment at seven. Rolling her upon her back so as to be able to give her a farewell kiss in the form of a few stabs of the tongue aimed into her cunt,

Timon left the amorous Conquette Ingénue stretched out upon the bed. He lit his candle, opened the door and shut it behind him.

He was no sooner gone than I sprang from hiding and landed upon my adorable daughter, who had been moved by and whose cunt was oscillating vibrantly from those three nips Timon had bestowed in going. "Why, gracious! Are you there? ..." "Of course, my beloved: he embuggers, I encunt! you are at the origin of this shattering erection you see me wearing ..." "Oh dearest Papa! Fuck me, do ... fuck your devoted daughter, fuck her" (it was the first time in her life she had used this word; she repeated it thrice, being by no means blind to its singular potency), "you'll have to do the fucking, for I'm perfectly exhausted." She grasped my prick, plunged it into her cuntlet. "Push," she cried, "push, divine prick, paternal prick, squirt fuck into your daughter's cunt!" While holding forth in this strain, she flung her ass about with such energy I was soon lodged in the depths of her cunt ... Long live common everday cunt-fuckery! Of the forty manners of being rid of one's load, 'tis by far the best. I had my daughter's mouth, her tongue, her white breasts, the view of her charming countenance, always made doubly attractive when the woman's being fucked ... her sweet phrases: "Dear, most beloved prick, divine prick, oh how it itches my cunt. Thrust, drive deep, bugger, deeper ... I'm coming ... I'm dis ... charging ... fuck, fuck a river of fuck. .. your tongue, dear cunt-fucker, dear lover ... oh, I'm dis—charging again, fuck, bloody bugger, suck, bite my tits ..." In tune with Conquette's second emission, I discharged, shooting my seed to the last recesses of

the wrung-tight cunt gripping me like a mailed fist. And I felt myself adorably needled by what the vulgar call the clitoris, and more polished persons the finger of heaven; and some other interior organ, the cervix, attained only by lengthy pricks, avidly sucked the end of my engine. Discharging with this delicious idea in my brain—picturing myself wedged in the most beautiful of women, her back arched, her flanks heaving, solidly stoppered, sweating with joy—, I fucked the child of my loins, I frothed into her cunt ... what, I thought, our mingled seed may create a new child! ... I'm cuckolding that bounder, that bleeder Vitnègre! I'm fucking the wife he thinks dead! ... the wife he's never fucked ... we're fucking her, Timon and I, he her ass, I her cunt, while that base, vile dog is frigging himself at the thought of her; he believes her cut to pieces, quartered by that damned monk's member, and what! her cunt streams like a princess' being futtered by a regiment of the royal guard! ... Those ideas, rapidly turning over in my imagination, doubled, quadrulpled my delight.

My daughter squeezed me out. "I'm full to the gills", said she, "my cunt and my ass too, I've got to wash."

I ran in search of warm water, climbing up to the kitchen where I found Madame Brideconin, the lady of the house, seated by the hearth, her snow-white breasts lazing in plain view. I kissed them, took the kettle which she had set to heat on the hob for her own use. Monsieur Brideconin said: "I've just given her a plumbing in honor of your daughter, Madame Poilsoyeux" (the name I had given her so that she'd not have to bear her infamous husband's). I went back down to the store-

room, I myself sponged clean my divine girl's secret charms; I noticed a few traces of blood near the rosebud and also, indeed, in the cunt. "What have we here? Have I hurt you?" "Yes, ever so slightly, my darling tormentor, but pain made my pleasure the greater ... even in my ass." Cleansed, Conquette Ingénue regarded me for a moment. "I was in such a hurry to make love with you, o guardian angel, that I did not even have the time to ask your opinion on what has taken place between Timon and myself." "I too have things to say on that head, but we are going now to have supper: you need rest, we'll chat tomorrow." I gave her my tongue, she gave me hers, they entwined; I kissed her pink nipples and we set off to eat.

During supper I related to Madame Brideconin that much of Madame Poilsoyeux' alleged death she and her husband had to know in order that they avoid compromising her.

While we supped, my daughter's host carried her bed down to the storeroom; when everything had been arranged she and I went back down together. "I think I'll be afraid all alone in here; ask Madame Brideconin to spend the night with me." "I'll stay, my lovely." "Oh, I'd prefer that! ... not for love-making, but so that my loving papa will sleep with his head pillowed on the breasts of Vitnègre's wife while Vitnègre passes the night boring himself or fucking one of my old shoes." "Heavenly child," I said, "I am going to tell you tonight what I had planned to postpone until tomorrow." As might a newlywed husband, I undressed my goddess, kissing everything I brought to light; when both us were in bed, I set her on my lap and began my discourse.

CHAPTER EIGTEEN

Fatherly Advice Delivered To The Daughter While Encunting Her

O affable reader, I am able still to feel throbbings of the most exquisite voluptuousness as I recall to mind those enchanting moments that were mine thanks to Conquete Ingénue.

"Lower yourself slowly, my queen, and with care, that I may insert the tenon without scraping the mortise." She followed instructions ... when perfectly euncunted, she bade me speak. "You know, my dearest, that I have seen everything, heard everything. Your divine sentiments in my regard have penetrated me with gratitude and admiration. I wholly approve your gesture in awarding to Timon the handselling of your sublime ass; with transports of greatest joy I welcome and accept your devotion to me. However, my dear daughter, 'tis in your interest and for your welfare and happiness I employ it as I see fit. I am older, wiser than you; but unlike a sultan, subject to foolish jealousies and alarms. I have no intention of preserving you for my exclusively personal pleasures; you will have a buyer ... which would you prefer amongst the three men to whom your pucelage was sold?" "The best-mannered, O incomparable papa, but he was also the one with the biggest

prick." "I shall therefore have your gem widened by a stoutly furnished gentleman of my acquaintance; he is not particularly lovable nor lovely, but some better-favored personage might weary you by making you discharge too frequently, or, worse, might win your heart, and that must not be allowed to happen. A preparatory fucker ought to gain possession of nothing but your cunt. Neither Timon nor I have the sturdy construction required for the job, we're merely equipped for depucelatory exercizes, but are no cunt-stretchers; however, a number of possibilities come to mind. I'll talk the problem over with the individual you prefer, then with the two others if he proves unwilling to cooperate. I have spied upon those three, I know their addresses; I'll not compromise you, as your father I ask of you nothing but submissiveness and obedience." "They are yours entire, dear papa." She squirmed about for an instant and discharged. "Should, as I judge likely to happen, should a significant rise occur in your essential temperature, I shall take good care—and you may rely upon me —that you will not lack for pricks. . . . 'twill be an unending success of homages. Maturity in years deprives me of the capacity to sate your young lust—should it be a question of lust—and so I propose to bring you a series of nice clean youths, steadily increasing the diameter of the prick." My provocative daughter began again to stir at this juncture. "Dear fucking-father, I want to be cunt-fucked by Timon, my ass-fucker; will you allow it? You have converted me, he'll encunt me, but only in your presence." "Yes, yes, very well." I strained upwards with a heave of my back; she burst into

song: "Dig deep, dig deep into my cunt, far-darting prick, make me come! ... oh buggerfuck! ... I'm discharging" (and so she did, suddenly freezing her body as though electrified) "ah! ... ah! ... oh darling papa ... ah! ah! ah! ..." (with a sigh) "... never before have I discharged like that!"

I lit a lamp; my daughter repaired to the bidet to polish her gem whilst I dipped prick and balls in soothing cool water in order to relax my enfuriated machinery. I enquired, where had my daughter learned the expressions she had employed upon discharging?

"During the third week of my marriage," she answered, "Vitnègre went to bed with his god-daughter, the wife of a police spy. By her god-father's orders, this woman pretended to enter a delirium when he rogered her, and those were the words she uttered—and there were others, too, which would sound less musical upon my lips and in your ears: for example: fuck-puker, bleeding bull's pizzle, butter churn, fuck-to-death ramrod, sewer swab, cunt-scraper, and many more." We got back into bed and fell asleep in each other's arms.

The next morning I repeated my instructions to Conquette; we heard a knock ... it was Madame Brideconin who was calling to my daughter: I hid under the bed-clothes. "They're looking for a whore from the Port aux Bles," she said when Conquette opened the door; "she vanished the other evening. One of her companions says that she was going off to sleep with a man she had described as a lawyer, but so this companion would have it, he turned out to be a surgeon who with a friend to help him killed her during the night and dissected

her. They're probably talking about you—you know how stories get distorted. My husband's going out to find out what's what." She left and later Conquette and I went up to take breakfast. I left her, promising to join her for dinner at noon.

I returned promptly at twelve. Brideconin had left the house. It was indeed about Connilette the hue and cry had been raised. The police and their informers had searched every house in the street but discovered nothing. By way of precaution, I changed my clothes, went out and came back in the late afternoon, but did not stay for the night. Sleeping at home, I rested myself for three nights and let Conquete Ingénue rest also. I loved my daughter for her own sake as much as for my pleasure's and had no desire to impose the measure of my middle-aged forces upon the appetite proper to her nineteen years. And I had other reasons as well; I behaved in accordance with them.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

The Elderly Rake With The Grey Tinted Pubic Hair

What you are about now to read will, in view of the sentiments I have just professed, probably surprise you; but, bold reader, refrain from beforehand estimations; if you must pass judgment, wait a little till you know me better.

I knew one of those pleasure gourmets, a large vigorous man, extremely lewd and lustful: his name was Montencon; I had often dined at his house in the rue Trousse-Vache; upon a number of occasions, dinner over, he had persuaded me to encunt little Vitsucette, his mistress, whom he was pleased to hold down while I toiled in her hole; he had even procured me his landlady's daughter, a regular little jewel seduced by her mother's lover, a noble by the name of Foutanes, who had finally turned her into a whore; she amused us all of an evening. Montencon having made the pretty Adelaide Hochepine tipsy on wine and brandy, he had the courtesy to send me first into the fray after his mistress had given my balls a hearty manualizing by way of prelude; I encunted and then he embuggered her, he too having initially had his pearls rubbed by Vitsucette; she washed my member and I then had a second shot at Adelaide. Montencon bade Vistsucette wash me again. "I have my rea-

sons, my dear chap; I've a fondness for having my prick sucked." He popped his device into Adelaide's mouth, was pumped, discharged, and had her swallow his seed; I was repelled by this performance and by its duplication, effected immediately afterward with Vitsucette. Having found all this fuck-quaffing eminently disagreeable, I never went back to Montencon's for another soiree. But he was the personage I invited to dine with us in the storeroom and whom I had selected to begin the amplification of my daughter's cunt and her training in battle: the work had to be done; for I had individually promised each of Vitnègre's thick-pricked clients that she would soon be back in active service.

Montencon was not unknown to Conquette whose mother he had fucked prior to the syphilitic days; he was nothing if not eager to slip it to the daughter. I found him halfway up the stair as I myself returned home. I introduced them; he stood motionless, struck with admiration and full of joy to behold so beautiful a woman ... I had business to attend to; I stayed no longer than a minute, saying I would leave my daughter to keep him company. He went with me to the door, stammering excitedly. "Ravishing creature! faultless tase in clothes! remarkable footwear, especially the footwear! A damned pity Vitnègre made off with that pucelage!" "Vitnègre? ... hardly, my dear Montencon. She's a maid." "No!" "Indeed she is." "My good Linguet, may I go and try to put at least one horn on that fool's head?" "Do the best you can," I replied, "but with your grey hair ... I'm not so sure you'll succeed. Only a jaded bitch who's

generally fed up with all the rest is apt to be willing to spar with a healthy greybeard libertine; with well-behaved maidens, you know, one must be tender and gentle, and what with your face of a satyr or a reprobate . . . I don't know. But try it."

Directly I was gone Montencon addressed himself to the task. He experimented first with gallantry and compliments . . . and got nowhere. At the end of his patience, he hurled Conquette onto the fucking-couch and being a vigorous fellow, he brought his prick nigh to the lips of her cunt, holding her struggling body with one hand. However, he was unable to advance further; she contrived to kick him in the behind, the blow undid what little he had accomplished; he was at his wit's end and might have threatened her with a knife when I reappeared. Conquette adjusted her clothes without showing a hint of ill-humor; I whispered to Montencon: "How did it go?" "She's a devil and it went damned poorly. I'll doubtless have to finish by frigging myself." "Courage, my friend, you'll fuck her yet."

We sat down at the table; Conquette talked to Montencon just as if nothing had happened—and nothing had—and even laughed at his jests; he asked why she'd not let him encunt her. "Bless me!" she replied, "why did I not submit? Why should I?" "Because," he retorted, "I was as stiff as a bleeding mule." "You sound like Vitnègre." That however did not prevent Montencon from recounting his enterprise in the most savoury language; he praised the beauty of her cunt, the silky quality of its hair, the plump fairness of her buttocks, the firmness of her bubs, the pinkness of her

asshole, the ivory-colored elasticity of her belly, her thighs; he exalted her foot and leg and in brief declared a general enthusiasm for all of her. Thus approved, Conquette blushed and was only the more modest in her triumph. I explained that I alone had fucked my daughter whose life I had saved and whom I had deflowered a week before, and I related the entire story. "You fuck her?" "And who has a greater right to? I am twice her father." Montencon bit his lip, Conquette embraced me.

Throughout the meal we admired Madame Poilsoyeux' voluptuously moulded buttocks, whose splendid lines proclaimed themselves whenever she rose to ask for a plate or hand one around; she was wearing pretty green shoes with slender green heels, her silk stockings had a pink tint; I enquired whether she were wearing a garter-belt. "Certainly," said she, "I always do." "In that case, show us more of the world's prettiest legs." She refused my request, but we besought her with such insistance that, to put an end to our importuning, she placed one foot upon a chair and lifting her skirts, exhibited a leg sufficient to send a dying man to hell.

We were, Montencon and I, beginning to lose our heads, but did our best to keep a grip upon ourselves. The ribald old fogey, during a moment when Conquette was in the kitchen, suggested we get her drunk by pouring champagne (he had brought me a bottle of it) into her red wine instead of water; I feigned assent, but before Conquette came back in I joined her in the kitchen and told her what we were up to. "My judicious, most reasonable girl," I added, "you're going to have to be stuffed; that's

what I brought him here for, but I didn't know how to proceed. I was pondering ways and means when he made his suggestion: you'll pretend to get drunk, so shall I, and thus he'll never be able to get the upper hand. His engine's rather stout, although of medium length; after him, I'll get you Trait-d'Amour, my former secretary, a pretty lad who'll carry on with the enlarging process: he should be able to prepare your cunt for whichever client you prefer. Trait-d'Amour knows about you; I've asked him to wait a few weeks before I place you and him in the ring together. Let me handle the business, my beloved, I'll be there to put a stop to anything unseemly." "I am your servant, dispose of me," she said, "in any way you like. The situation from which you rescued me was so dreadful that I cannot disobey you." We returned to the dining room; an instant before entering it, she pulled one bub from her bodice and had me kiss it ... Montencon had completed preparations, pouring champagne into the decanter of wine; Conquette, warned, discerned the trick and unobserved slyly managed to fill her glass with water, reserving the wine to besot Montencon himself; but the bawd was not to be made drunk on anything but the lovely eyes and other charming features of my delicious Conquette Ingénue.

CHAPTER TWENTY

"How That Girl Was Fucked!"

When at last Madame Poilsoyeux, who affected a convivial tipsiness, appeared to be in the state Montencon esteemed desirable, he signalled to me and, waiting for the first opportunity, I caught her round the waist with one arm and with my free hand seized her cunt (apart from a strong desire to possess her at once, I wished to embolden her and prepare her cunt for the admission of a member more sizable than mine). I thrust her upon the bed, calling to Montencon to bring me what there was left of the butter we had eater during our meal; I deposited a lump the size of a walnut in her orifice and pushed it in out of sight ... "I'll do that, please leave it to me," she said in the calmest of voices; however, her ass was moving with an admirable rhythm and the couch was creaking a marvelous tune; I discharged thanks to these effects, and myself emitted many musical cries of delight. "Well, bugger," said I, "it's your turn now."

Standing by the bed, holding his stoutly risen prick in his hand, Montencon gazed down at us; I had no sooner disengaged than he leapt bravely upon my daughter whose wet cunt was still aquiver, and doubly resplendant with its garnishing of butter-and-fuck sauce. Montencon lunged, pene-

trated ... Conquette screamed ... I stepped forward, alarmed and ready to fly to her aid, but she was already smiling brightly. "Are you well bedded in?" I asked her fucker. "Jesus Christ, yes! and delightfully ... she's nipping my prick; but what a cunt she's got ... it's like satin in there ... ah! ... ah! I'm fucking her ... Shake your ass, heavenly harlot, throw it about, buggress ... O delicious cunt, dance under my balls! ... jump, do you hear! ... I'm com-ing ... I'm dis-charg-ing! ... ah! ... ah! ... ah! ..." The greybeard sank fainting down upon my daughter's breasts; she was swimming in fuck and joy! I'd feared that she might be shy with a stranger and lie stock-still instead of answering her antagonist blow for blow, but immediately she had felt Montencon's prick scrape in, she had thrashed about like a captive panther, roared like a young lioness, and discharged like a thoroughbred mare. Montencon, without decunting, began to fence with her again, shouting, weeping with lust, and periodically murmuring: "Divine bitch ... play the whore ... I guarantee your efforts will be rewarded." Three times over the battle was renewed: neither gave quarter; finally, dry from extreme toil, both desisted.

"That was a fuck worth ten of the everyday variety, and that cunt's worth a thousand of the sort I used to have you stick, Linguet, even my little landlady's. One leaves it for a moment, but regrets having to do so; but I say, my friend, dig in again, why don't you? A woman's a match for sixteen men in this game, let's not allow her to cool off nor suffer from idleness." Whereupon Conquette Ingénue, having lain motionless, save for her cunt,

which she kept contracting as though a member were still stuffing it, jumped off the couch and ran to wash herself.

She found warm water ready for her; Montencon and I cast ourselves upon our knees before our divinity and one of us cleaned her ass, the other her cunt, then her buttocks and her thighs, for she was awash with fuck and even bleeding slightly; taking care to wet neither her nightgown nor her stockings, we had her stand with her clothing drawn up above her waist. After a scupulous ablution, we admired her, for she was ravishing with her ass and cunt thus exposed; we had her walk to and fro and we stared adoringly at the magic of her shifting hips and buttocks. "What enchants me," said the oldster as he watched her move towards us, "is that black cunt against a ground of lily-white skin, that silken cunt-hair and that line of coral dividing it down the middle." The lovely creature turned about and exhibited further charms. "Ah!" exclaimed Montencon, transported, "what an ass! ... it is not one jot inferior to that peerless cunt." She came back. "Unspeakably beautiful cunt! 'tis worthy of that divine ass ..." When Conquette came close to us, he kissed her fur, then, getting to his feet (for we had remained kneeling the better to appreciate the drama), he carried her to the couch, begging my permission to tongue and suck all those charms before I refucked her ... Great God! how she was tongued and sucked ... he tickled her rosebud with his nose and tongue until her teeth chattered, then he concentrated upon her cunt; the beautiful girl shivered and trembled beneath this treatment and then, ejaculating, she neighed like a

little horse into whose vulva one inserts for the first time the awe-inspiring and deep-driving engine of a vigorous stallion. The untupped mare's dimpled, superbly-fleshed buttocks shook; a groan rose from her very soul and she was answered by the geyser sprung from her sperm-spewing stud's prick.

All that, I say, and my voluptuous daughter had been merely tickled by a tongue! ... Montencon abandoned her bubbling well and I, leaping upon my Conquette's heaving belly, holding her ass three inches above the bed, dived brutally into the abyss; she did naught but seem to sway gently before that onslaught, my lustful impatience required more. "Pull off one of her shoes," I said to Montencon, "and tickle the soles of her feet with it" He removed a shoe, but the scoundrel amused himself by sniffing it. "Tis Cypris," quoth he, "and within her shoes have the scent of ambrosia." "Tickle her feet, I tell you!" I roared. He did and at her second twitch I discharged like Vesuvious in eruption. In my ecstatic joy I gave thanks to fate for having blessed me with so perfect a daughter, whose twitching cunt procured me such intense pleasures. "I am discharging again ..." Conquette stammered; "my father's prayer drove his prick deeper into me." "O, what a worthy father! what a pious daughter!" exclaimed Montencon ... I decunted. "But tell me why," said the energetic old bawd, stretching out upon my daughter again and reencunting her without having washed, "why did you have me tickle the soles of your celestial fuckeress' feet?" "I obtained the recipe from a printer who was wont to fuck the wife of his confrere with the latter's enthusiastic cooperation. 'But,' my printer

friend asked the fellow he cuckolded, 'what in heaven's name did you do to her to make her give me such pleasure?' 'You saw, didn't you, that her feet were bare? Well, someone told me that the sons of Mesdames Quillenpoche and Radball, both eight years old, having chanced into the room where a barrister and a pimp were cuntstuffing their mothers, the little youngsters, loath to disturb the party, removed a delicate slipper from each lady's foot and therewith tickled their soles, the which caused those ladies to skip in a very lively fashion and to receive from their own sudden movements quite as much satisfaction as they simultaneously gave their operators; and so, since that day, in like circumstances they always have their feet tickled.' " "Kindly do the same for me," said Montencon. He began his coming and going in Conquette's cunt. "Astonishing!" he remarked; "Your own father's fuck—the fuck whereof you were created—amalgamated with yours in your sacred cunt, should, it seems to me, serve as pommade . . . but I can hardly get into you!" From the crimson color of my daughter's cheeks I saw he was hurting her. "Decunt, bugger," said I to her plumber, "your mule's prick is giving that little hole mouthfuls it can't possibly swallow." He did withdraw his shaft, I popped a gobbet of fresh Normandy butter into her crack. "Ah," said the complacent child, "that ought to loosen the hinges . . ." Montencon reencunted wrathfully, he entered with veritable majesty and struck bottom. Conquette jerked her ass. "There 'tis," cried the lecher, "I feel your darling little nipper—well, go to it, let's clap another horn on that fuck-in-the-ass Vitnègre; pinch

your ass and fling it about, my precious bitch . . ." This coarse language hurled me into an erotic furor, unpityingly I tickled my daughter's bare feet, the while saying: "Fuck, my love, fuck like a goddess, show us you know how to fuck . . . and you, bugger, flood her cunt; have you ever sunk your line in a cunt to equal my celestial, my divine whore's?" Conquette thrashed on the bed as if she were bent on breaking her back and her encunter's too (as did Mademoiselle Timon under that great personage, Mirabeau), but Montencon resisted with steadfast muscle and bone; however, Conquette's ensuing discharge was so violent that the explosion nearly blasted the stopper from her hole—but, as subsiding she fell back, his prick, rasped by the velvety cunt, discharged with ravishing effects.

He shivered four lances without quitting the lists and at the last, after I'd tickled his balls, he ejaculated quite as abundantly as he had at the first. But he was weary. "Now, by God, that Vitnègre's properly cornute," he said, parting with his seed, "for his fuckeress wife's shot off three times as often as I." Conquette smiled. "How many?" I enquired. "Oh, ten timtes, twenty, I've no idea," she explained with becoming modesty, "for it's not polite to keep count after the first score." I kissed her forehead, she retired to the bidet. I saw with ample clarity that she had a taste and a talent for the sport, and so I decided to take some of the sting out of her before surrendering her to her heavy-pricked favorite.

Wishing to soothe her well-tried cunt in the bidet's cool water, with the most gracious air and sweetest blush Madame Vitnègre begged us to

leave her for a time. Saluting her respectfully, as befits a beneficient goddess, we bowed and left the room.

"I humble myself before such a man," Montencon said to me, "I'd consider it a greater glory to be her father than Marie Antoinette's. She is just as superior to ordinary fuckeresses as Mademoiselle Contat and Mademoiselle Lange are superior to a workingclass whore who frigs pricks behind the carts on the Quai du Louvre."

Upon which words we bade one another farewell. "Ah," Montencon murmured as he walked away, "how that girl was fucked!"

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

Fout-à-Morts Last Hour

Your purists must surely have raised a squawl over the preceding chapter! ... Purists, eh? may they go to the devil.

I expected a little chilliness, or a pout, or a serious air the next day, but no, my Conquette chatted with me as usually she did ... A week passed during which I made no effort to stuff her. On Saturday, thoroughly recovered from the worrying Montencon had given it, her gem began to itch again; she remembered what I had told her; that she could let Timon encunt her. She took the greatest pains with her toilette, donned a shawl and went out that evening. But I was watching her and having Madame Brideconin—or, as I jokingly called her, Madame Conbride—keep a sharp eye on her. I was warned in time, I followed her to protect her from mishap; she entered a house, mounted a flight of stairs, I listened at the door and was able to peek through the crack. Conquette cast herself into Timon's arms. But he was ill. Hence, the lovely thing got no more than a tonguing; instead of caressing her in the way she would certainly have preferred, Timon fell to narrating the rest of the events concerning Vitnègre, Fout-à-Mort and Connilette.

"Rather than going straight to my office—for I

was feeling badly—I went to pay Vitnègre a visit; I found him poor sorts also, this as a result of the monk's terrifying threats—they had an interview yesterday. The monk had sent someone to fetch him. Vitnègre ran to the monastery and found the entire brotherhood in the infirmary, standing by Fout-à-Mort's bedside he had listened to the enraged monk's speech. 'You snivelling wretch, you dog!' the discourse began. 'If I had the strength I'd throttle you. But as it looks as though I were going to die of this—so at least they tell me—I'm going to inform the lieutenant of police of everything. They'll hang you. D'ye hear that? A bloody shame, eh? You sold your wife to me, you did—a lovely creature and I took an infinite pleasure in killing her with pains far worse than those of childbirth; a lovely creature—I wanted to eat her; I carried home some of her with me: cunt, womb, lungs, head, and so forth. I disguised them. My fellow-monks, without knowing to whom they belonged, consumed her ass, her buttocks, thighs, calves, feet, arms, hands, shoulders, liver, et cetera—in a word, everything and all of us, including myself, have caught the pox ... Well, your wife—young, healthy, still a maid—didn't have it. I know damned well what you did. A false compassion moved you to spare your wife for whom I paid good money to fuck to death; you substituted a whore in her place. A filthy, scurvy trick, that, a villainous stunt, do you hear? Were I to receover, I'll have your wife, never fear; and if I die, it's the rope for you ...' Vitnègre swore by ever devil in hell that 'twas you he had on the bed; the monk, who had just been given a rubbing with mercury and whose

tongue was swollen, nodded in sign of disbelief. Then the doctor drew Vitnègre aside: 'Have you business to conclude with that rascal? Judging by his tongue I calculate he has no more than two hours to live. He has so terrible a case of syphilis that I've been forced to give him three times the dose I've given the others you see over there in those beds, and they're beginning to salivate. I know this fellow, though: a monster. The world will be better off when rid of him . . . wait a while and he'll cease being able to speak.' 'We've got to prevent him from writing!' 'Never fear, his eyes have already started to go . . . he can barely see, his tongue's beginning to emerge from his mouth.' The doctor took the monk's pulse. 'He's suffering the tortures of the damned . . . thirty minutes more and he's done for.'

"Grown bolder, Vitnègre spoke to the monk: 'Infamous swine, I gave you Connilette, the whore —she's the one you fed your friends, 'twas her infected womb you ate.' The monk raised himself upon an elbow and aimed a tremendous blow of his fist at Vitnègre who, had he not been saved by the intervening bedpost, against which the monk's raking hand struck, would probably have been killed. As it was, Vitnègre was knocked down and taken from the infirmary; but this morning he learned from the doctor that the monk's inflamed tongue had choked him to death a quarter of an hour afterwards. They burned everything he wrote while on his sickbed.

"Calmer now, Vitnègre has just told me the whole story. The hour is late. I can't take you home. You'd best go, my darling friend."

Such was the tale Timon recounted to my daughter, which I overheard and which later she repeated in entirety to me She returned home, her mind occupied by gloomy thoughts. I followed twenty paces behind her, glancing left and right to guard her from any misencounter. My prick rose like a pikestaff at the sight of her moving hauches.

She entered the pension and lingered in the kitchen: I went directly down to the storeroom and hid myself. Down she came, carrying a lamp in one hand and a kettle of warm water in the other; she washed her fur, sighing all the while, and saying to herself: "Even though the villain's dead, I'm still afraid . . ." I tapped on the bed. Conquette raised her eyes and saw me; I recounted everything she had been doing. That caused her a fright, but it was a salutary one and cured her of the desire to go to see Timon by herself. I told her I had met Vitnègre on the Quao des Ormes, adding: "You went there for a fuck. You'll be fucked, too. I'm going to spend the night with you." She sought to beg off, protesting that Timon's story had banished all desire out of her; I refused to listen to such nonsense and got into bed. She soon lay down at my side.

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

The Fuckeress' Appetite Restored

"The appetite is restored by eating," says the proverb, and we shall see how well it applies to Conquette.

Once we were in bed together and my daughter within range, I frolicked with her breasts, sucked her teats and encunted her. For I know not what reason—whether because put out or stubborn—my divine child lay there unstirring, inert like a slaughtered calf; I also ceased to move and remained with my sword in the scabbard; later, having slid over upon my side, I fell asleep, my weapon still sheathed. Conquette, who had passively submitted to everything, probably went to sleep also for, when I awoke, I found I was still lodged in her trick; I began to move a little. She hugged me, squeezed her cunt, shifted her flanks, said: "Push harder, dearest lover!" and began to jolt me with all the strength of her loins, belly and thighs: she discharged, so did I ... "Who's thy chosen fucker, o goddess?" "Ah, for such things as these, there's no one but you ... I'll resist your will no longer, for you are wiser than ... I have had pleasure—an owe it to you only ... Begin again, dear papa, for I would discharge in your honor ... I adore you ..." Vigorously reencunting her, "Prithee fuck now," said I, "as not long ago you fucked with your

lover." She shook her buttocks as in olden times did Cleopatra or Messalina and between leaps and bounds, "Oh bugger-fuck!" she exclaimed, "fuck, fuck, fuck me, fuck your slut . . . cuckold my sweet-ballocked sire whose wife I am . . . whose mistress . . . whose whore! . . . Ah, I feel your prick deep within my cunt! your tongue . . . give me your tongue . . . oh, I'm coming . . . com—ing . . . com—ing . . . fuck me! . . . ah! ah! ah! . . . no more, I can bear no more!" and that over with she went off to wash her cunt.

No sooner did she return than I mounted the ramparts again. Off we started. "Fling your ass about, beat me with your cunt," I exhorted her, "make it dance . . . I can feel your nipper biting my prick's end . . . ah, creature of my own prick, you fuck mightily well for a novice . . . Now accelerate your movements . . . more rapid yet . . . good, excellent . . . what flexible loins!" She leapt thrice and discharged like a musket. "Oh!" she cried, "I wish my father's balls were freighted with a ton of fuck, and that he'd shoot it all into the bottom of my cunt!" Her prayer was answered, for I emitted straightway, and our rains of fuck met in ecstatic confluence; she performed a copious ablution; I refreshed my weary fucking tackle, then we got back into bed . . . and had at each other a third time. The tourney lasted above an hour, I sucked her nipples and tongue and gave her mine to suck, I had her discharge now and again, finger me constantly and stimulate my balls . . . I simply had not the heart to decunt . . . Of a sudden, my daughter, whom I fancied thoroughly done up, fell to wiggling her ass, to convulsing her cunt as in days bygone

her mother used to, but even better ... My prick adopted the most resolute slope, but I was not within sight of a discharge ... and was able to ream her barrel as much as she liked. "I'll not bother to speak of a Vitnègre," said Conquette, "whose pleasure when aboard a woman depends upon the degree to which he brutalizes her, but you, dear papa, you fuck with greater tenderness and more deliciously than Timon caresses me, you ply your peg like a god ... This discharge is for you ... a gift for papa ... papa ... drive deep, you're in your daughter's cunt, forge ahead, papa, strike with your ass, fuck me, papa ... you're in my cunt, so fuck, bugger, fuck ... fuck your daughter, you incestuous pig ... drive, drive deeper ... into your girl's cuntlet ..." She sweated and lay as though dead while her fuck streamed out of her entrails.

I began again to heat the tube, wishing also to discharge before calling a halt to the night's games; the spark was soon aglow in her: "Fuck, dearest pimp, I'm your whore, your breadwinner, your bloody cunt-for-hire ... your devoted fuckeress, your loving child. Fatten me"—agitating her ass with fury—"stuff a boy or a wench into my cunt ... if 'tis a girl, her maidenhead will be yours, if a boy, he'll be mine to fuck! ..." "Hee!" I cried, "here, my darling daughter, is the fuck you yearn for!" I released it deliciously, and my fuckeress discharged with even more pleasure.

"Ah, what a night!" she murmured, "Timon would never have entertained me so sumptuously." She washed, then I did, and we fell asleep.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

Filial Tenderness, Fatherly Love

To be reserved and dignified, modest and voluptuous and an accomplished fuckeress too—that is character in a woman.

And it is rare. Such things are not to be taken lightly. Montencon, at first, failed in his attempt to stuff Madame Poilsoyeux; she was quite as modest, quite as restrained after he succeeded in fucking her as before. She carefully followed the advice I had given her not to allow him to take her accorded or extorted favors for granted. One day, as she bent forward to stir up the fire, Montencon laid hands on her cunt; she wheeled around and slapped him. "I who know her very well," I said to Montencon, "never touch her buttocks or tug at her cunthair without first asking permission. To be sure, she usually gives it, telling me to be quick about my business. When she is dressed and got up like one of the Graces, I begin by requesting leave to kiss her foot; then, gliding my hand up along her leg, I say: 'You've such a pretty leg . . . let me kiss it.' I advance to the thigh: 'What satin-smooth skin!' I say. I delicately raise my hand to her fur and exclaim: 'You know, simply to see you walking in the street and shaking your ass in the charming way you have, is enough to give any man an erection, make every woman turn green with envy; and

I am able to say to myself: "I've just fondled and kissed those tempting, incredibly fuckable delights." I follow you, I overhear men saying: "By God, I'd fuck her silly!" I can tell from their expressions what women are thinking: "What a coquette! That gait, that posture, these clothes, that air signifying: 'I want to be fucked! Come along, all of you, fuck me!' " Buggeresses, my prick stands up for nothing but the magnificent cunt which arouses your jealousy. My daughter smiles when she hears these remarks, yields to my fondling, then gives her bubs, buttocks and cunt to be kissed."

Montencon stared admiringly at me and I asked Conquette's forgiveness; she had been listening to what I said, and her cheeks were suffused by a chaste blush.

Some time later, having conducted her to the home of a friend, having then returned in the evening to bring her home, as I was walking several paces behind her, the sublime contours of her buttocks gave me so solid an erection that, once back at Madame Brideconin's, I made a bee-line for her cunt. She demurred, for the landlady was stirring about in the vicinity. "At this particular moment, my adorable goddess, I am so inflamed by lubricity —it was the way you walked that provoked this commotion in me—, that I could very easily fuck you in front of everyone in Paris." I gritted my teeth, still holding tight to her cunthair, that silky hair which formed a long and superb pe: ke in the Louis XIV style. "Well, then," she replied, "let's go to work, for you mustn't spoil my curls." "In the nude, my queen." Without relaxing my grip on

her cunt I followed her with every step she took. She gave me a pretty kiss—her tongue featured therein—by way of thanking me for allowing her to get undressed. "Don't let go of my hair," she added, "that helps put me in form." Such agreeableness only made me adore her the more. An instant later she was down to her corset. "Do my shoes suit you? or would you prefer me to put on slippers and other stockings." "Slippers." With one hand I removed her shoes, the while tickling her cunt. "Oh, that white leg! how neat and tidily made you are!" She donned her slippers standing up. I released her cunt, she proceeded to wash it; next, she walked several times around the room that way to increase my excitement. "I'm going to drink you dry," she promised, observing I had virtually lost control of myself. While I stripped off my breeches she sat with her legs crossed, wiggling her tantalizing pink-slippered foot. The sight of the darling foot was more than I could stand.

I could contain mysef no longer; seeing me about to leap upon her, Conquette walked towards me, had me hold her skirts up, leaned her elbows upon my shoulders and, without touching my prick with her delicate hand, impaled herself gently. She gradually descended until I thoroughly stoppered her dear little prick-squeezer. "Don't move" she said, "I want to do the fucking by myself." When she felt pleasure surge up in her, the divine fuckeress, overwhelmed, let go and fell upon me with the whole weight of her body. "Dearest prick ... in you go." She glued her burning lips to mine, contracted the muscles of her cunt, darted her tongue into my mouth, and squirted, giving vent to all her

soul contained ... I discharged with a prolonged shudder of joy ... she kept on with her fucking for ten wonderful minutes. "Oh, fuckery I adore, the lightning-flash of joy remains in the sky all the while I fuck with you ..." 'Twas then I felt the emotion that had assailed me long ago when, as a boy unleashing his spring-tide discharges, I used to lose consciousness, and I thought now I might expire from happiness in this unique cunt. I said so as I ejaculated. She whom I held on my spear only fluttered the more energetically. "A son, a daughter, or both niched deep in my womb," she said, "impregnate me, dear fatherly prick ..." I swore, I cursed, I called my daughter by divine titles: "Celestial cunt, majestic cunt, cunt of the gods, cunt of my prick ... Was it I ... or a king, or a prince, or indeed the strapping young attorney's clerk who fucked you into your whore of a mother's cunt? Who knows? But this prick of mine makes you my true daughter by mingling my fuck with yours. Divine, sacred slut, adorable embuggered buggress, I've got absolutely to embugger you too ... No, on the other hand, your fuck is too precious for me to consent to lose a drop of it." "Fuck me as much as you like, and wherever—in my ass, my mouth, between my breasts." I said I would respect her wishes and then explained why I had followed in her tracks to and from Madame Brideconin's pension: "My purpose was, firstly, to be there in case of danger and, secondly, to hear whatever was said to you by the men and youths whose pricks you made stiff. One said: 'What play in the hips, what appalling movements of the ass! Ah, by Christ, my sweet bitch, were we alone I'd make

your cunt bubble'!" "I too heard him," said Madame Poilsoyeux with a smile. "Another—it was tonight—took one look at you and began to twiddle his member in the middle of the street. 'Little mother,' he said, 'I frig myself and I'm going to discharge all because of you'." "I heard that one also, I smiled at him and he added: 'Oh, if you are a whore, a divine whore! fifty *louis* for you: three screws, 'twill take no more than an hour, either at your place or at mine ... I live at number 16, rue de Buci, third floor, the door on the left'." "A pretty fop," I resumed, "muttered aloud: 'My prick in her mouth and my tongue in her cunt ... aye, 'twould do nicely,' and he frigged himself, frigged, frigged!" I saw him, I gave his prick a little tap with my fan; I felt very sorry for him indeed, I thought about him afterward ... Perhaps that was why I seemed a bit testy when you seized my cunt upon our arrival here." These words gone out of her mouth and we staged a scene much like those I have already described, except that this time I laid my daughter on her back. "Dreadful papa," she pouted, "you're pretending you are the fop ... 'tis he fucking me now ... you have me fucked by everyone who desires me ... and so I'm going to discharge in the fop's honor, sir, with his prick in my mouth, his balls dandling on my bubs and my father's prick eight inches deep in my cunt ... I'll swallow ... your sweet fuck ..." (convulsive movements within her cunt) "I discharge! I'm coming! ..." Never had she manifested so much passion.

She was thinking clearly, for between a brace of discharges she said: "I like your lips, they go with mine, and I don't like Montencon's ... I don't want

him to encunt me anymore," she said, flailing her body spasmodically, "with his tongue in my mouth ... ah! ah! ah! ... if I had that buck with the fifty *louis*—and you know I'm not a saucy creature—I think I'd play the whore, but I'd insist upon the money in advance—Vitnègre told me girls always do—and only then would I pull down his breeches and let my cunt be martyrized for pay."

"Quite right," said I.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

A Masterpiece of Paternal Affection

Conquette was, as I say, naturally self-contained; she was only subject to libertinage's frenzied exaggerations during lovemaking's ecstasies which with her, owing to her vigorous temperament, were overpoweringly strong.

Two wholehearted fuckings, a mere nothing for a younger man, left me exhausted; and yet, upon opening my eyes, I beheld a Conquette breathless with lust and eager for more. I dashed round to the rue de Buci, found No. 16, gained the third floor; I found the young man with the fifty *louis* to spend; he recognized me, I began at once to speak. "I am the father of the young lady you offered fifty *louis*." "The offer's still good. Three fucks, an hour in all and cash on the spot." "In my presence?" "In yours and all France's if you like. But no trouble, my good man. I'm not anxious to be rolled." "Of course not. And for my part I don't want any noise. She's yours for an hour—a quiet hour." "By Jesus! let's be off . . ." He placed fifty *louis* in his purse.

We arrived a few minutes later. "Here's the gentleman who caught your fancy," I said to my daughter; "you need fifty *louis*, he's got them for you in his pocket. Now you must earn them." The color mounted into Conquette's cheeks. But she

said not a word. The gentleman removed his breeches, approached her, seized her breasts, her cunt, then said to me: "Take the money. This satin-smooth cunt, these velvety breasts are worth the price." I took his purse; he toppled Conquette upon the fucking-couch: she emitted a cry. "Oh, sir, my kind sir, please don't do me any harm . . ." "Have we a maid here?" "Alas!" she sighed, "yes . . ." He encunted her like a shot. She sighed some more, made timid sounds, and discharged. "She's adorable," declared the embattled fucker, for he was fucking and refucking her without pity and without withdrawing; 'twas thus he exploded three times in a row.

My daughter now caressed him, now begged quarter, but went on discharging uninterruptedly. He decunted in the finest humor and, spying several drops of blood shed as a consequence of his furious fencing, "Yes, you are honest people," he affirmed, "a depucelage of that order is downright cheap at fifty *louis*; I'll send you fifty more." (My daughter had left the room to straighten herself out.) "Indeed were I not already married," he added in a gentler tone, "I'd marry her for both her cunt and her affections . . . You'll receive fifty additional *louis*. I'll always remember her—but shall never see her again." He departed; my daughter thanked me and told me she was satisfied; I turned her earnings over to her. "No, dearest papa, that must go for our expenses." A little later, the remaining fifty arrived; of that sum I could not prevail upon her to accept more than six *louis*. I left the other ninety-four in my storeroom and bade her use them if need arose.

When on the following day I appeared in the room, Conquette announced that she was afire. "Do you know where the fop lives?" she enquired. "The one who pulled his prick from his breeches?" "Yes," she said, "that one." "He's of no interest. That sort always proves a fool." "Fool or not, I'm ablaze. Let's go out. We'll find someone and you'll follow after me." "Divine child, although I weary my feeble self in your heavenly cunt, my desires remain unimpaired—and if I were to die of pleasure in pleasure, I'd beg you to give your ass yet another jerk and let me expire in the depths of your exquisite trick." "We'll have a fuck, then—but just one. You are too dear and too necessary to me for me to neglect your welfare." I climbed into the saddle. While she adjusted my prick at the gates of heaven, I said: "This outing you propose strikes me as dangerous." And as she lay still, I continued: "No need to treat me with kid gloves . . . move your ass, my sweet, jump, d'ye hear? skip, screw! discharge! . . . there's only one shot in the pistol, but it's of a generous calibre. And before you come to grips with some heavy prick or other, you need to be exercized a little." That inspired her. Her electrified ass and cunt vibrated like Marie Antoinette's being fucked by a rascal of a gendarme in the Conciergerie. We discharged, Conquette and I, she like a queen, I like a stalwart revolutionary . . . I decunted, she washed.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

How The Good Father Had His Daughter Fucked

On with the task, 'tis that and naught else which counts: we've a cunt to enlarge, and so there's nothing for it, it's got to be fucked.

The reader will recall the name of a certain Trait-d'Amour, formerly my secretary, Minonne's brother and the lover of Connette whom he, too thick-pricked himself, had me depucelate for him. He was a vigorous lad of twenty; he lived a stone's-throw away, I went in search of him. "Well, my boy, how would you like to give a charming woman four or five substantial fuckings? I'm anxious to do her a kind turn and think with your aid she'll have the highest opinion of me. You'll have to work in the dark; but I'll arrange for you to get a glimpse of her before then. One glimpse, my good fellow, and you'll serve her royally well." "Excellent, excellent, it's been a fort-night since I dipped my engine in either Connette or my sister, and I haven't anyone else at hand to fuck."

We reached the front of the house. Conquette was seated in the salon, and visible through the window. "Ah ah! But she is a provocative lass! charming . . . eminently fuckable . . ."

I entered alone. "Unlimber your bubs," I said to Madame Poilsoyeux, "raise your skirts, a young

man is watch you from the street ... a handsome, splendid lad of twenty." "My fop?" No other ... he's named Trait-d'Amour. That's it, show your cunt while washing it; I'm going out to join him"

"Now look sharp," I said to my young stallion once I stood at his side again, "she's about to rinse her ass and scrub her cunt ..." My new-found son-in-law's soul stood up in his eyes ... Conquette discovered her breasts, lightly sprinkled rose-water over their pink extremities; next, she lifted her clothing above her midriff, annointed her ass and cunt with perfume, arched her neck, stroked her breasts, rubbed her cunt languorously, and finally, before drawing the curtains, lay down full length upon a couch. I recommended to Trait-d'Amour that he follow me in a moment, and went in to prepare Madame Poilsoyeux for her visitor. I stretched out and encunted her. Trait-d'Amour made his entrance and set to tickling by balls. I discharged like a field-piece; my fuckeress uttered exclamations of voluptuous joy and I hastened to decunt. Trait-d'Amour had been waiting in readiness, his prick deployed, his breeches removed; he leapt aboard my daughter Bending low over the encunter's head, "Stir yourself, my beloved," I whispered, "flex your muscles for me. I'm far from done with you." However, Trait-d'Amour was scarce able to bury his massy device in that strait cunt, even though my fuck, liberally distributed thereabouts, served him as pommade; Conquette, jolly well jammed, intermittently gasped, whimpered and sighed but nevertheless met each forward thrust of the prick with a doughty heave of her loins. I had a new erection, but without once

deserting his post, Trait-d'Amour ran off three emphatic fucks characterized by three copious discharges. I had virtually to drag him away from work. "Rest yourself," I whispered in his ear; "I'm going to join the party." "I'll stay," he replied, "for you'll need me: your prick's not what it used to be, you know, and this cunt deserves the best. It's presently full of fuck; if she doesn't wash she'll never even feel your little prick inside her." Conquette did indeed repair to the bidet and at the sight of her snowy thighs, her marvellous legs and perfect feet, her ass, her cunt, her belly of ivory, her sweet navel, her proud firm breasts, my prick hardened considerably and lengthened a little. "Noble fucker," I intoned in a voice loud enough for her to hear, "reveal yourself, that my goddess may behold the superb prick I have placed at her disposal."

Trait-d'Amour appeared, his spear in hand; he was not the hoped-for fop, but was more handsome, doubtless better furnished, and my daughter smiled contentedly; then, lowering her gaze upon that upstanding masterpiece at his groin, the lovely girl, having taken it in her fair hand, said with a sigh: " 'Tis then this princely object has given me such trouble and so much pleasure too." Trait-d'Amour thrust her towards me, spread her thighs wide, lay me down upon her and clapped my engine into her cunt. "Your beloved has too gentle a hand," said he; "she's got to put you in a sweat. One must encunt stiff-limbed; thrust, my good master, spur with both heels, the steed's a fine one. And you, my fairly encunted goddess, make your ass fly, lift your cunt; 'tis a lively fellow of much virtue who's about to moisten your cunt with an honorable liquor."

This harangue brought a smile to the befucked's face. She, to diguise the source of her amusement, replied: "Ah, Monsieur Vitnègre, how many horns you wear today!" "Come, come, my nymph," Trait-d'Amour continued, "think now that 'tis for you to bear three-quarters of the burden ... We require movement here ... fine! that has the look of something done in friendship, and you have the ass-play of a princess. The flanks now, the hips, I say, fling them about ... With your satin-smooth cunt you're putting your fucker in seventh heaven ... Courage, master be stiff, go squarely at it, there's joy to be had there, a splendid ride is yours if you'll deal firmly with your mount ... Ah! what a breakneck pace, how she capers! ... my stars, 'tis a discharge on the mare's part ... ply your spurs! ... how she rolls her ass, the dear creature is all in a lather ... but likes a free gallop, 'tis plain ... Here, I'll tickle your balls, for you must keep up with her ... you're discharging too? Well done, I say; what action, what verve! and now she returns blow for blow ..."

My modest daughter never swore save when profoundly moved and when fast-gripped in lust's delirium; but the present goings-on looseened her tongue: "Bugger!" she cried, "oh fuck me for Christ's sweet sake! Fuck my cunt to pieces ... fuck my soul out of my body ... I'm melting ... melting into fuck ... I'm discharging! ... oh, but what I'd to to have two pricks in this bloody cunt! ..." " 'Twould never do, my dear, you're to narrowly constructed," Trait-d'Amour explained; "otherwise we'd find some way of giving you that pleasure ... But someday perhaps we'll fit a prick

What a picture of joy as she discharges! ... I believe she's dry, my lad—" "Dry? I think not. She burst four times running, that makes seven all told," said Trait-d'Amour, washing the ecstatic child's cunt, "but she's got a furious talent for this. Refuck her while I catch my breath. I'm going to try to make it an even dozen." "You will injure your health," Conquette said to him; "You've encunted me seven times already today—" "Never fear," said Trait-d'Amour. "Twleve for you, then," said she, "and that will come to sixteen for me." I went into prompt action, she darted her tongue into my mouth, I slid my rock-hard prick into her cunt. Trait-d'Amour took her when I was done and did not let her go, despite her pleadings, until, good as his word, he had sprayed her five more times and brought the count to twelve.

She rose gloriously up directly he decunted. "Take this pitiless young man away from me," she said, "leave me by myself; I need rest, believe me, and at least thirty minutes on the bidet; my poor fur is in tatters ..."

We left her; we went to Madame Brideconin's kitchen and had each a good plate of bouillon. I asked the landlady to keep some soup hot for Medame Poilsoyeux.

Set to rights, Conquette arrived and appeared as demure, as decent, as modest as if she had never been fucked in her life. Trait-d'Amour left the house, well satisfied but no better informed. Madame Brideconin, very discreet in these matters, told him nothing of my relations with my daughter.

End Of The First Part

into your ass while a second stuffs your cunt." I was weary after a delicious discharge; I decunted in a trice, in another Trait-d'Amour took over my station: Conquette was still in a ferment and Trait-d'Amour speedily filled her hungry cunt. "You," he said to me, "you fucked my younger sister, and I fucked her after you; you depucelated Connette or me: tell me now, do their cunts match the one which by your kindness is giving my prick a squeeze at this very minute? No sir, no. This one's of satin and velvet. However, to judge by its silken fledging, I dare fancy the interior of the cunt of my pretty hatmaker in the rue Bordet will approach it ... Am I hurting you, my queen?" "Yes, and delighting me ... go on, go on, more ... fuck, good friend—" "Ah, what satin! what sweet humidity! I'm well in, eh? I'm fucking aright, am I not? And I'm coming! ... leap, twitch, jerk, wring my prick, O divine, O sacred, O heavenly cunt of my life! ... A dear, a darling little nipper she has deep inside her ... squeeze, bite, pinch me, beloved little one ... make me convulse in your pretty cunt ... Do you like fucking O goddess? have you a taste for fuck? ... four discharges are going to flood this dear hole ... go drown, go drown—there's my second!" "Fuck me a third, screw!" cried Conquette, "don't fail me, don't falter, dear love-stick!" "Don't leave her until well after your discharge," I told my former secretary, "let her relish the final pulsations of your goad ... How beautiful she is thus befucked ... the sight arouses me afresh ... She looks a very gooddess, let her have her fill ... hammer it home, rub her raw and ragged, she's still yearning for it ... Good, good, she's squirting!

Publisher's Note: The following epilogue was written, insofar as can be determined, by the original publisher of PLEASURES AND FOLLIES:

Epilogue
To The First Part

I hesitated a long time before deciding to publish this posthumous work of the only too famous Linguet, generally renowned as an important lawyer. The typesetting having been once started, I resolved to have only a few copies printed, thinking to put them in the hands of two or three enlightened friends and as many women intelligent enough to provide me with a sound opinion upon its effect, for I was eager to discover whether it would, if broadly circulated, have an evil influence as great as the infernal fiction against which I had hopes it would act as a counter-poison. I am not indeed so witless as to suppose *The Anti-Justine* is harmless and non-toxic; that however is not the question. Rather, it is this: will it effectively combat the baneful *Justine*? That is what I wish to learn from disinterested men and women who will judge the book's impact upon themselves.

The author declared his intention to steer clear of cruelty, bloodthirstiness, and murder of the woman possessed; has he avoided these atrocious dramatic devices? He declared he wished to inspirit jaded husbands and bring them back to the happy and wholesome enjoyment of their wives; he affirmed his belief that the reading of but half a chapter of his work would be enough to bring about a reconciliation; was he right? has he succeeded?

The reader will decide.

The Anti-Justine will have in all five or six parts like the foregoing one.

I will pass to the second volume or part of this production designed to waken amorous sentiments in gentlemen whose ladies presently inspire none in them: such is the object and whole purpose *ne quiesces* of this excellent labor, clearly of love, by which Linguet's name will be rendered immortal.